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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIV No. 248

NOVEMBER, 1921



Photo Ira L. Hill

LOU TELLEGEN AS DON JUAN

The gay dog of old Seville, whom all women of all ages, and all stages of life, from Duchesses to scullery maids, adored

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Editorial

Speculation in Theatre Tickets

HOW long will the theatre-going public consent to be humbugged? A well known theatre ticket agency recently sent out a circular inviting its patrons to join a "Special Service Department," which guaranteed to its members choice seats for any Broadway attraction, no matter how the said attraction might be "sold out." The membership fees for this special service were stated to be as follows:

Class A (going to theatre once a week) \$100 per annum; Class B (going to theatre twice a week) \$200 per annum; Class C (going to theatre three times a week) \$300 per annum; Class D (going to theatre unlimited number of times) \$500 per annum.

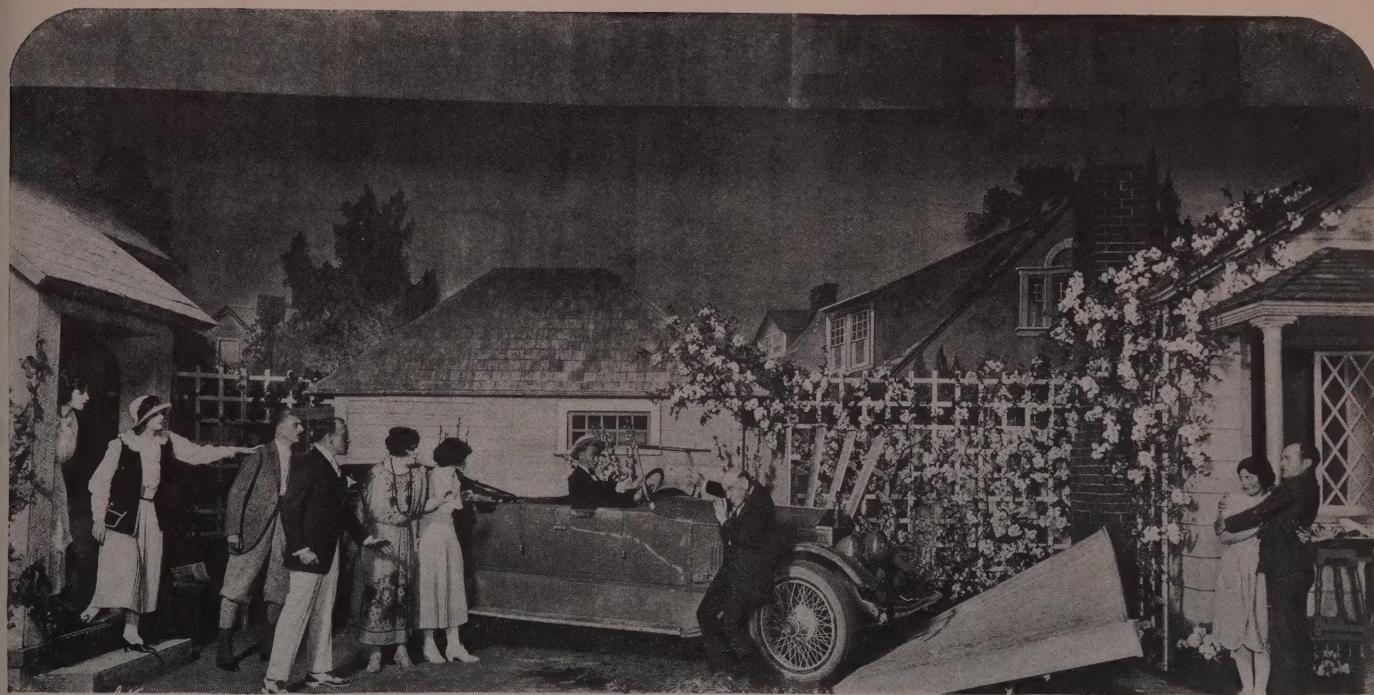
This humanitarian plan is not entirely new. Some months ago another well known ticket agency also offered "special service" to holders of its syndicate stock, members being entitled to purchase on short notice any seats in the first six rows in any New York theatre, at an advance of fifty cents above the box office price. The agencies mentioned are the best known and most reputable of the sixty-four brokers and speculators trafficking in theatre tickets in the city of New York. When they first started their ticket brokerage business, twenty-five cents was all they asked for the service rendered. Then the price was advanced to fifty cents, and today they still profess to charge only fifty cents over the box office price for the best seats. This fifty cent fee has been cheerfully paid by the theatre-going public, quick to recognize the convenience of going to a broker where the tickets of all theatres are to be had, instead of having to run all over town and stand in line at box offices only to be told after a long wait that the house is "completely sold out," and particularly so in view of the fact that, until now, it has been always understood that the ticket brokers had the best seats.

But now it seems that even the pioneers in this business have grown dissatisfied with the modest fifty cents they have been getting. True, they still give a "service" for fifty cents premium per ticket, but it is obvious that the seats handed out are not the best procurable since they now offer a "special service," giving still choicer seats. This means, of course, that though they may have seats for Mr. Fiftycenter, when he wants them, they have still better seats for those who don't mind what they pay for them. Let's see how this scheme works out for Mr. Theatregoer: The theatrical season lasts approximately thirty-six weeks. If you decide to join class B, (for which you pay \$200 plus fifty cents for each ticket) you are entitled to four choice seats per week. Suppose you decide on ordinary Broadway attractions, the box office price of which (including war tax) is \$2.75, the first cost to you for the tickets is \$11.00. Then you must add \$2.00 for "service" (the usual fifty cents premium on each seat) and yet another \$5.60 for "special service"—a grand total of \$18.60 for two evenings at the play, or nearly 70% in advance of the box office price.

A premium of 70% may not appear unreasonable in these days of unblushing profiteering, but one cannot help wondering how much of this super-charge goes into the pockets of the theatre manager. The latter says he does not get any share of the premium charged. Can any reasonable person believe that he is willing to sit meekly by and see an utter stranger, a man who has not a dollar invested, reap so large a profit out of his own business? Where do the ticket speculators get the tickets they sell? If you ask the theatre manager, he'll look at you sorrowfully and swear that he doesn't know. But, of course, there is only one place the tickets could come from—the box office! Have you ever been the first in line at a box office window the first day seats are placed on sale for a new attraction? You ask for two orchestra seats down in front. "Sorry—nothing nearer than the twelfth row!" Note well—you are the first applicant the first day of the sale, and yet no seats down front! In other words, the public is not given a square deal. When the manager announces, "Seats will be on sale, etc.," he means this: "*Undesirable seats can be obtained at the box office. Good seats are on sale at the agencies.*"

Some managers admit that the brokers get the pick of the seats. Other managers, while still denying they derive any profit from this traffic in their seats, profess to believe that the public does not seriously object, saying people will pay anything as long as they get what they want. This is no doubt true of a certain class of spenders. Retired burglars, pot-bellied gamblers, conscienceless profiteers, everyday millionaires do not care what they spend. Their money comes easy and goes easy. What do the \$20 a pair the speculator demands for seats for the "Follies" matter to them? But what about your respectable patrons, Mr. Theatre Manager? Your real lover of the drama, the man and woman of modest means who cannot afford the exorbitant prices theatre seats have reached through the activities of the speculators in theatre-tickets. Your old, regular patrons are forced to stay away from the theatre. Theatrically starved, they have taken refuge in the movies, they are losing interest in the legitimate theatre and it may be difficult to regain their patronage. You complain of a poor theatre season. You blame the tariff, the Income Tax, everything but the real cause. A man won't take his wife and family to the theatre and pay \$18.60 for four seats when the box office price is only \$11.00.

What are the ethics of the matter? The answer is that there are no ethics in business. The public be damned, a railroad magnate once said. One day theatre-goers will wake up to the fact that they are being imposed upon. Obviously it is an impossible situation, and one that is constantly getting worse instead of better. This latest scheme of being invited to pay a membership fee of \$200 in order to be entitled to pay a bonus strikes us as the last straw, the *reductio ad absurdum* of what has come to be known as the ticket speculation nuisance.



The glib-tongued salesman (Ralph Sipperly) sitting triumphantly at the wheel of the Six-cylinder "white elephant" car, after he has driven straight into the fence separating two bungalows, one belonging to the present owner of the car, the other to the young married couple to whom he is attempting to sell the machine



The young love-birds (June Walker and Ernest Truex), whose marital happiness is temporarily destroyed because of their purchase of a high-powered automobile which they cannot afford



The two husbands, one middle-aged, the other young and newly married, sit on a trunk, smoking and condoling with one another, discussing their downfall from affluence because of their purchase of an automobile when they could not afford its upkeep

WISDOM AND HUMOR IN "SIX CYLINDER LOVE"

NEW YORK HONORS FRANK BACON—ACTOR

Remarkable demonstration marks the end of 1291 performances of "Lightnin'" in the Metropolis



PERHAPS never in the history of the American theatre has an actor received the farewell send-off which Frank Bacon of "Lightnin'" did when he and his company departed for Chicago, Monday, August 29. After playing on Broadway in one play for three straight years, the longest run on record, Mr. Bacon was given an ovation and good-bye from all conditions of citizens, including His Honor, the Mayor, himself—a God-speed celebration which surprised even blasé New York, accustomed as it is to sensations. Some old-timer aptly compared the farewell accorded the modest Bacon to that given in welcome of Jenny Lind, when the "Swedish nightingale" arrived in New York, and New Yorkers, humbling themselves before the famous singer's feet, unhitched the horses from the shafts of her carriage, and carried her by man-power through the streets.

Certainly no other actor can boast of a whole city's homage, particularly a city like New York, as can Frank Bacon, who now knows what it feels like to be judged by Broadway and New York at large, and not found wanting. It is difficult to conjecture what sensations were experienced by the honored actor who was escorted by Mayor Hylan, at the head of a parade which marched between 100,000 persons, accompanied by brass bands and mounted police, to the Pennsylvania station where he boarded a train for the windy city.

The parade was only the wind-up of festivities which continued throughout Mr. Bacon's and "Lightnin's" last day in New York. Earlier in the day a program had been ar-

ranged at the Gaiety Theatre, and these ceremonies were participated in by members of the various actors' organizations and clubs of the city; members of other shows playing on Broadway; dramatic critics, authors, playwrights, theatre fans, lovers of "Lightnin'", city officials, producers, managers, directors, and just plain New York citizens. Speeches were made by DeWolf Hopper and others of the profession, while outside, Times Square and Forty-Sixth Street were jammed, and the sidewalks so packed that pedestrian traffic was held up.

Inside the theatre, Frank Bacon, slight of stature, quiet of manner, modest in demeanor, with snow-white hair and keen, deep-set eyes, was responding to the clamor for a speech. He spoke whimsically of having to hurry to catch his train, and, as he hadn't been catching trains for several years now, he was as "apprehensive as an amateur traveler." He said he was eager to see Chicago again, the first big city in which he had played twelve years ago, but that he hoped to return to New York. There were many among the thousands of actors and actresses packing the theatre who recalled the road-show days of Mr. Bacon, when, after playing Chicago and other big cities, he quietly entered New York, without at first causing any furore whatever. "And now he goes out with a brass band," chuckled Hopper, always pleased over a comrade's success.

While the theatre ceremonies were in progress, the happy, champing crowd outside began to form into a parade line. Brass bands blared, mounted police took up their forma-

tion, and the cheers began. Then when Bacon, Mayor Hylan, John Golden and Winchell Smith, co-author of the record-breaking play, emerged, moving picture and camera men started their barrage. This over, the grey-haired actor, eyes a bit dim with emotion, a smile of boyish delight and pleasure on his face, his head bared, took his place with the Mayor at the head of the parade.

It was plain to see that the actors present were mighty proud of the honors being showered upon one of their profession, and they applauded loudly when Frank Bacon took his place beside New York's highest civic official. Mr. Bacon, Mayor Hylan, Winchell Smith and others in the lead, marched behind the Police Band, and directly behind a huge placard which proclaimed:

"Broadway won't be Broadway without you, Lightnin'," and "So long, Frank. Bring home the Bacon." The pun on the actor's name seemed to amuse and delight spectators crowding the line of march, for they cried out in chorus: "Bring home the Bacon, Frank," as the elderly actor beamed and bowed his way along the street. Mayor Hylan accompanied the popular actor and his company all the way to the station, and all along the way people cheered those who had given them evenings of keen entertainment when they witnessed "Lightnin'".

At the station, Mr. Bacon was almost mobbed by friendly crowds which broke through the police lines to reach him, but he was finally extricated and safely put aboard his car, which was placarded with his name and the name of the *(Continued on page 338)*



Underwood & Underwood

When Frank Bacon closed his phenomenal run in "Lightnin'" on August 27, something unique in the history of New York City occurred. The following morning, when Mr. Bacon left for Chicago, he was escorted to the train by a mammoth parade of his admirers, the head of the municipal government coming in person to pay homage to the popular actor. The photograph shows the head of the parade passing Times Square. Left to right: John Golden, producer; Mayor John F. Hylan, Frank Bacon, Winchell Smith, co-author; Commissioner Whalen



LOLA FISHER
AND WILLIAM
COURTENAY

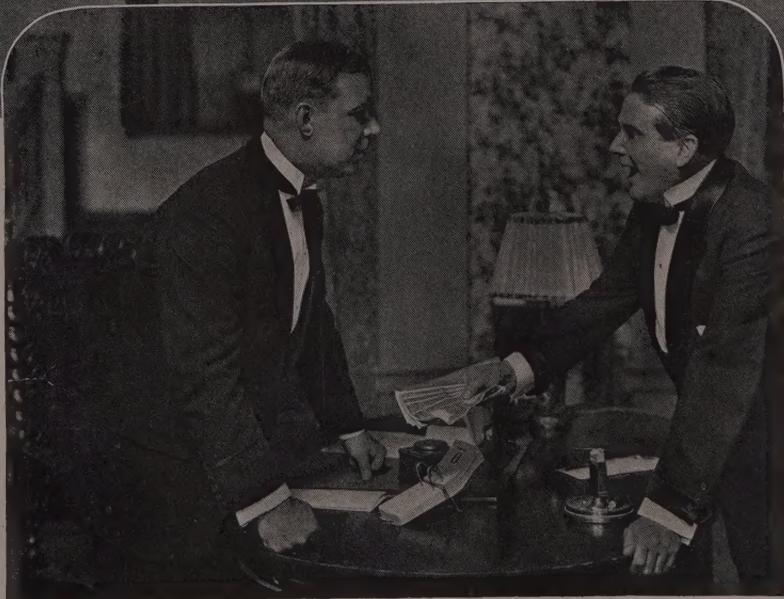
As the two expert heartbreakers, playing their desperate game of love in "Honors Are Even," at the Times Square Theatre

Photos by White Studios



SCENE IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

Lehar's captivating widow has lost none of her former charm for the opposite sex, as the above picture of Sonia and her suitors witnesseth. Lydia Lipkowska, as the sumptuously gowned prima donna of this gorgeous revival has cornered all the chorus men on Broadway



WALLACE EDDINGER
AND WILL DEMING
IN "NOBODY'S
MONEY"

That not all tired business men go to "leg shows" for relaxation is the burden of this amusing comedy. The particular millionaire of the tale engages a professional crook to teach him the royal sport of burglary, and the two become involved with two authors of dubious character

SCENES FROM THE NEW PLAYS

SEX NONSENSE ON THE STAGE

Absurdity of the neurotic heroine who does not deal naturally with life's problems. An interview with MINNIE MADDERN FISKE



HERE had been a great deal of nonsense in the theatre during the course of her distinguished career as an actress. This fact was made clear by Mrs. Fiske, who is perhaps, the most sensitive intellectual on the American stage. After a long experience with the tempestuous heroines of many plays, her chief impression of them all was that they were women of interesting complexes, or women of amusing initiative, sometimes bordering on the farcical.

"They were a selfish lot, take them as a whole, terribly occupied with themselves," she said recently. "No doubt, a great many women are interesting to themselves, and, of course, it is interesting to watch their self-analysis, to see them work out the mighty problems of their discontent, but we have in the world a great many women who have recovered from the exotic fever of complex emotions, sufficiently, indeed, to balance themselves in the cross currents of their 'pasts' and their 'present.'

"Probably every woman who, whether she can articulate or not, is burdened with a sympathy for artistic expression, passes through several stages of awakening. Her emotional system, clogged with the perplexing pathology of her sex, requires the surgery of time to become free of the heroine-taint. She reaches a period of immunity, her 'complex' straightens out. Those of us who are on the stage pass through about the same attacks of feminine perplexities. We have our jungle fever in the grouping period, the exalted fever later on. Perhaps the third and last attack upon our surcharged nervous system is the fever of illusion, when we discover that the normal pulse depends upon regaining our spiritual temperature. We stop preaching to the men, or condemning them, or accusing them of destroying our tender natures. We look at them with tolerance, and we like them all because they contribute to our sense of humor so generously. The more tempestuous we are at first, the better our understanding of what is nonsense afterwards."

SOMETIMES playwrights are driven to write plays about sex nonsense, because, when they write plays that endeavor to show a perfectly normal woman, there are critics who do not understand them. No, I cannot say that there is no public for such plays, because I know that there is. Now as to the normal woman, she is, I think, the hope of every woman, the ambition of all women. She is the super-heroine of the stage as well as of life. In my experience on the stage, I have found that most heroines are eternally talking about their problems, their woes, their tortured souls. They exist in a sort of clinic of emotions which are operated upon by the dramatist and explained by the actors. They are interesting in their relation to the psychology of feminine complexity, but they are literary nonsense, or emotional nonsense, nevertheless. Nonsense,

because they offer no solution except a tragic one, just as if the majority of women in real life do not overcome tragic issues, rise above them unselfishly."

IT may be that, as a relief to the egoist heroine we have been enlightened by that new form of American offering on the stage which might be called the 'chicken drama.' It is a kind of nonsense that is served in many styles, broiled, stewed, à la King, or with salad dressing. I notice in reading many plays that the amateur author who is striving to perpetrate a modern play, usually chooses a 'chicken' heroine. She is the last word in dramatic delicacies, cooked up in some French sauces, and garnished with green morals. She belongs in the waste basket so far as any value she may have to the theatre. Much clever writing is wasted on her, but she does have a place where she belongs, in farce. When an attempt is made to turn the 'chicken heroine' into serious drama she shows her origin to be too fragile for art.

"The amusing nonsense of satire can be very informative. Such light charm as 'Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh,' or the sparkling sentimentality of 'Mme. Sand,' represent a useful form of stage nonsense. But, I am convinced that the next great step in heroines, is the stage portrait of the woman who has found her balance in life."

In view of the fact that Mrs. Fiske has never done the commercial thing in the theatre, it is safe to assume that her artistic conclusions are inseparably in accord with her artistic progress. Therefore, when she said that her present rôle, Marion Blake, in "Wake up, Jonathan," was the apex of her many studious years, we were on the road to a confession of faith that was worth listening to, because it was Mrs. Fiske who makes it.

NO doubt, in the course of a long career on the stage, there is a growth of artistic values. I have had some experience with plays and parts in them, and as I look back at the various heroines it has been my lot to portray, I see them now with certain mental reservations. They were, most of them, studies in psychology of feminine ego. Take 'Hedda Gabler,' a woman in a tempest; 'Tess,' a woman of tragic emotion; 'Becky Sharp,' an amusing study of women who lie. Then there was the religious heroine, the 'Magdalene,' and the settlement heroine, 'Salvation Nell.' There followed a period when the joy of living seemed to center around the satirical play, a sort of crystallization of the former experiences in the heroine business. Shaw loomed large, and among the first of his new application of heroines, Langdon Mitchell's 'The New York Idea.' Afterwards came the lighter vein in American mood, 'Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh' and the satire, bordering on the farcical of 'Mme. Sand.' All these, in their separate ways, have accumulated a new perception of the kind of heroine women understand, a heroine who has adjusted her

problems, survived them with credit to her sex. I wouldn't say that many of those earlier heroines were theatrical nonsense, because they were interesting examples of different sorts of women, but they were women who were viewed from the masculine version. They were not always true women. So, it happened that when the authors of my new play, 'Wake up, Jonathan,' created a new heroine, who never said a word about her own anxieties or troubles, who had no bitter reflections of emotional disorder, a woman, in short, who had put the disturbing memories of her life in order, I felt, as an actress of many parts, that here was a real American type of heroine who had adjusted all the mental discords of previous heroines in the way real women do, with a sense of humor and a perfect balance.

"It is difficult to express just what this new heroine, 'Marion Blake,' represents to me in contrast to the rest. No doubt, she had her tempestuous years, in which there were mistakes, but unlike the usual heroines of the theatre, 'Marion' does not cherish them in dramatic scenes. She had endured, but, from her perplexities she has gathered a silent moral, not a noisy one. There is nothing unusual about this fine perception of life, which she radiates but does not talk about. It is the special quality of American women, who conquer their problems.

A REALISTIC heroine in an American play must have a sense of humor. Many American plays have revealed this, but there is the deeper feminine faculty of poetic feeling with life, that few American plays have included. I found this quality in this new heroine. She has all the consciousness of tragic sympathies with those who have been in her life, without weeping about them, or regretting them. She rises to the great height of self-immolation without passionate accusations, or gloomy outlook. She understands. That is a decided advance in stage heroines, so few of them ever really understand themselves. The conflict of her heart is soothed by unselfish devotion to her spiritual creed, which sharpens her vision of the two men in her life.

"There is no sex-nonsense in Marion Blake, this woman of perfect balance, of delightful humor, of deep poetic gratitude to the vagabond poet who taught her, in early life, the values of silent beauty. From him she learned the art of spiritual splendors that cannot be bought or sold, and from the father of her children she has learned the lesson so many women find puzzling, the lesson that some men are like the giants in fairy stories who frighten only those who are without a sense of humor, that giants really should inspire.

"Frankly, I have grown weary of the heroine whose only concern in life is her own personal, emotional difficulties. Marion Blake in 'Wake up, Jonathan'—is not concerned with these."

W. W.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE STAGE

THE BEAUTY OF BETTY

SKETCHES BY
SEDDIE ASPELL



DISCOVERY



CHORUS



CONTRACT



LONELINESS



ROMANCE



FAME

THE "CLOSED SHOP" IN THE THEATRE

A Reply to the officers of the Actors' Equity

By GEORGE BROADHURST



IN THE article in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for August entitled "What Is the Actors' Equity?", Mr. Frank Gillmore, Secretary of that Association says placidly: "In August, 1919 we closed twelve New York theatres." Mr. Gillmore's assertion is true and I think it will be both entertaining and enlightening to show exactly how the Equity closed them. In addition, it will help to keep the record clear.

Let us take, for example, the closing of the Hippodrome.

One evening in August, 1919 while a benefit was being given for the Equity at the Lexington Theatre, Marie Dressler walked jocundly into that playhouse and said in her most blithesome manner: "I have just closed the Hippodrome. I was going past it when I saw Mr. Dillingham's name on the billboards and remembering that he is a member of the Producing Managers' Association, I, as president of the Chorus Equity Association, walked onto the stage, called out the chorus and closed the show." Miss Dressler's account of her feat was greeted with wildly enthusiastic cheers.

And that is exactly how the largest place of amusement in New York was closed.

As another example, let us take the closing of the Broadhurst Theatre.

IN APRIL, 1919 I produced on the road for tryout purposes a play called "The Crimson Alibi." Being satisfied that it had a good chance of success, I engaged the company for the coming season and to each and every member of the Equity I gave an Equity run-of-the-play contract. A run-of-the play contract means that the actor is definitely engaged for the entire run of the play during the season specified, and it also means that neither the actor nor the manager can terminate the contract in any way during that season.

These contracts—and please bear in mind they were the Equity's own—stipulated that the play was to be produced for the regular season on or before August 30, 1919.

Learning that a play of a similar nature was being rushed into New York, I called the company together, explained the situation, and said I would run the risk of the hot weather and open the play in July if they would all give me their word of honor that, no matter what happened, they would keep their written contracts with me. To this they all agreed and the word of honor of every one was pledged.

The play did open in July and when it had been running three weeks, on a Thursday afternoon, while the company was giving a matinee, the Actors' Equity Association met, declared a strike, and all its members in "The Crimson Alibi" company that evening refused to appear.

Next morning I wrote to the Actors' Equity Association, called its attention to the paragraph in its own contract, which made arbitration compulsory, named my arbitrator and called upon them to name theirs. To this letter I received no answer. Three days later I wrote again. To this communication I received a reply to the effect that an answer would be given after the next Council meeting. The Council met but no message from them was forthcoming. I again wrote, calling attention to the fact that under their contract it was mandatory that they nominate their arbitrator within ten days and that this was the tenth day. To this letter also no reply was given.

SO IT will be seen that to close the Broadhurst Theatre, every Equity member—male and female—of "The Crimson Alibi" company, broke his or her pledged word, and that the Actors' Equity Association itself repudiated its own contract.

Moreover, every theatre in New York that was closed by the Equity strike was closed by the same means.

Let us keep the record clear.

There were, however, some members of the Equity, and others outside that organization, who looked upon their signature as a thing of value to themselves and who regarded a signed contract as something more than "a scrap of paper." These refused to repudiate their obligations at the behest of Equity and, as a protest, and for self defense, they formed an organization of their own and called it the Fidelity League. Included in this association are such players as Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Ruth Chatterton, Lenore Ulric, Fay Bainter, Janet Beecher, Otis Skinner, David Warfield, Henry Miller, Louis Mann, and Holbrook Blinn. Surely there must have been something wrong within the city to make such a band as this take its stand outside the ramparts. And because they did take that stand, Equity, through the closed shop, is endeavoring to force these players from the American stage.

IN ATTEMPTING to justify the Equity joining the Federation of Labor, Mr. Gillmore says: "The actor follows an art—true. But he labors, nevertheless, just as the physician, the lawyer, the editor, the financier labors." Does Mr. Gillmore suggest that the classes of "laborers" that he mentions are also qualified to join the Federation of Labor? If he does not mean it, what bearing has it on the matter? If he does mean it, what class of "labor" could he possibly exclude?

Continuing, Mr. Gillmore says: "What about the musicians? They have been affiliated with the American Federation of Labor for years and no manager has quarreled with them on that account."

The above brings us to a very important turn in the road. The musicians who belong to the American Federation of Labor have standardized salaries as have all other classes of labor in that organization such as the plumbers, the carpenters and the stage hands. When one employs a union musician his salary is fixed by his union just as is the salary of a boiler maker. But Equity insists on belonging to the Federation while retaining the right to individual bargaining when it comes to wages. Moreover, it is the only class of labor in the Federation which claims that right. If the actor is a laborer and entitled to belong to the Federation, why should he be given this exclusive privilege. Why is he different from any other laborer? Mr. Gillmore specifically names the musicians. I accept this and ask: If musicians agree to a standardized wage scale why should not the actors?

I wish to hammer in the above point right up to the head. And so I ask again: If the actor is a laborer and entitled to belong to the American Federation, why should he not accept all the principles of labor, as do all other classes of labor in that organization including musicians? Why should the actor alone refuse to accept a standardized wage? Can a laborer be fish and flesh at the same time simply because he is an actor?

BEFORE leaving, for the present at least, the question of the strike and the American Federation of Labor, I wish to call attention to the following facts:

While the strike was in progress, Mr. John D. Williams who was not, and is not, a member of the Producing Managers' Association, asked the Equity if he would be protected by them regarding a production then forthcoming, if he would sign contracts with his players giving them all the conditions demanded by the Equity and agreeing to engage none but Equity actors. The Equity greeted him with open arms—this was just the thing that they desired—told him to proceed with the production and rehearsals, and guaranteed him against interference. As an indication that this proposition met with the entire approval of the Equity, I will state that Mr. Gillmore's daughter was in the cast.

Mr. Williams' production opened in Washington as scheduled; out towards the middle of the week the stage hands, deciding that the theatre in which it was playing was unfair, refused to work, and Mr. Williams called frantically upon the Equity to keep its pledges to him. The Equity, just as frantically, called upon the stage hands to allow it to keep those pledges, but the stage hands, to whom the Equity's guarantees meant less than nothing, refused to handle the scenery. No further performances were given and Mr. Williams' enterprise was wrecked on the shores of the Equity's unfulfilled promises and guarantees.

(Continued on page 346)



Maurice Goldberg

FRITZ LEIBER

Theatregoers have admired this fine artist's Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth and other Shakespearean characters, but it is a novelty to see him as Dante. Here he appears in Heloise Durant Rose's pageant at George Grey Barnard's old-world cloisters in Washington Heights. The cast was made up of professionals and amateurs, who lent their services for the benefit of the Dante League of America and Miss Winifred Holt's Light House



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

(Below)

INA CLAIRE

The engaging lady who did more than any other one person to popularize the gentle art of gold-digging is once more revealing herself in all her stellar brilliancy in that gay French comedy "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



Photo Ira L. Hill

GRACE MOORE

This auburn haired soprano, who has the leading rôle in Ned Wayburn's "Town Gossip," has taken a short cut to fame, although she took a circuitous route to Broadway, having made a concert tour of the country with Martinelli en route from her home in Dixie. Last season she was with "Hitchy Koo"

IN GAY FRENCH COMEDY AND WAYBURN REVUE

DORIS NILES

Young, but already very well known, is this charming dancer now appearing at the Capitol. She is here shown in one of her unusual Hindu dances



Goldberg



Moffett

RUTH WHITE

A young, pretty, animated person whose black and white dance was one of the snappiest snaps in "Snapshots of 1921"



White

ARTHUR COREY

The talented Chicagoan, now on tour in "Up in the Clouds," makes an unusually picturesque Pierrot



Goldberg

ALEXIS KOSLOFF

With members of his ballet provided one of the most beautiful numbers at the Near East Relief Benefit in the open air theatre on Conklin's Huntington estate

FROM DIFFERENT PLACES IN THE WORLD OF DANCE

"THE CIRCLE"

Comedy in Three Acts by W. Somerset Maugham

THIS delicious comedy, which has enjoyed a long run in London, serves for the return to the American stage of Mrs. Leslie Carter, who plays Lady Kitty, a rôle taken in London by Lottie Venne. The following excerpts from the piece are given here by kind permission of the Messrs. Selwyn, the American producers.



THE play begins 35 years after the lovely Lady Kitty eloped with the rakish Lord Porteous, leaving her husband, Clive Champion-Cheney and her little son, Arnold, then only five years old. Arnold is now a sedate member of Parliament, more interested in old period furniture than in his pretty young wife, Elizabeth, who finds a more congenial companion in Teddie Luton, a fascinating young Englishman with a breezy manner but uncertain prospects. The stately home they reside in is the same Lady Kitty ran away from. Arnold's father, long since reconciled to his misfortune, and who has found plenty of consolation in the gay set in which he moves, regards the past philosophically. He refuses, however, to live in the house, to which he took Kitty, a bride, and takes up quarters in a cottage close by, leaving the mansion to his son and daughter-in-law. When the curtain rises, Arnold and Elizabeth find themselves in a predicament. Lady Kitty, anxious to see her son after the long separation, has been invited to lunch with Lord Porteous, and now his father, Champion-Cheney, whom they thought safe in Paris, has also written saying he is coming to see them. Presently C. C. (Mr. Champion-Cheney) arrives on the scene, and Elizabeth tells him of their embarrassment:

C. C.: I didn't know you knew her.

ELIZABETH: I don't. But I heard she was in London. She's staying at Claridge's. It seemed so heartless not to take the smallest notice of her.

C. C.: When is she coming?

ELIZABETH: We're expecting her in time for luncheon.

C. C.: As soon as that? I understand the embarrassment.

ELIZABETH: You see, we never expected you to be here. You said you'd be in Paris for another month.

C. C.: My dear child, this is your house. There's no reason why you shouldn't ask whom you please to stay with you.

ELIZABETH: After all, whatever her faults, she's Arnold's mother. It seemed so unnatural that they should never see one another. My heart ached for that poor lonely woman.

C. C.: I never heard that she was lonely, and she certainly isn't poor.

ELIZABETH: And there's something else. I couldn't ask her by herself. It would have been so—so insulting. I asked Lord Porteous, too.

C. C.: I see.

ELIZABETH: I daresay you'd rather not meet them.

C. C.: I daresay they'd rather not meet me. I shall get a capital luncheon at the cottage. I've noticed you always get the best food if you come in unexpectedly and have the same as they're having in the servants' hall.

ELIZABETH: No one's ever talked to me about Lady Kitty. It's always been a subject that everyone has avoided. I've never even seen a photograph of her.

C. C.: The house was full of them when she left. I think I told the butler to throw them in the dust-bin. She was very much photographed.

ELIZABETH: Won't you tell me what she was like?

C. C.: She was very like you, Elizabeth, only she has dark hair instead of red.

ELIZABETH: Poor dear! It must be quite white now.

C. C.: I daresay. She was a pretty little thing.

ELIZABETH: But she was one of the greatest beauties of her day. They say she was lovely.

C. C.: She had the most adorable little nose, like yours . . .

ELIZABETH: D'you like my nose?

C. C.: And she was very dainty, with a beautiful little figure; very light on her feet. She was like a marquise in an old French comedy. Yes, she was very lovely.

ELIZABETH: And I'm sure she's lovely still.

C. C.: She's no chicken, you know.

ELIZABETH: You can't expect me to look at it as you and Arnold do. When you've loved as she's loved, you may grow old, but you grow old beautifully.

C. C.: You're very romantic.

ELIZABETH: If everyone hadn't made such a mystery of it I daresay I shouldn't feel as I do. I know she did a great wrong to you and a great wrong to Arnold. I'm willing to acknowledge that.

C. C.: I'm sure it's very kind of you.

ELIZABETH: But she loved and she dared. Romance is such an illusive thing. You read of it in books, but its seldom you see it face to face. I can't help it if it thrills me.

C. C.: I am painfully aware that the husband in these cases is not a romantic object.

Lady Kitty arrives, a gay little lady with dyed red hair and painted cheeks. She is somewhat outrageously dressed and still behaves as if she were twenty-five. Lord Porteous, a very bald, elderly gentleman, eccentrically dressed, is snappy and gruff. In short, they are not at all the romantic looking couple Elizabeth expected to see.

LADY KITTY: Elizabeth! Elizabeth! (She kisses her effusively). What an adorable creature! (Turning to Porteous). Hughie, isn't she adorable?

PORTEOUS: (With a grunt). Ugh! (Elizabeth, smiling now, turns to him and gives him her hand).

ELIZABETH: How d'you do.

PORTEOUS: Damnable road you've got down here! How d'you do, my dear. Why d'you

have such damnable roads in England? (Lady Kitty's eyes fall on Teddie and she goes up to him with open arms, mistaking him for her son Arnold).

LADY KITTY: My boy, my boy! I should have known you anywhere!

ELIZABETH: (Hastily pointing to her husband). That's Arnold.

LADY KITTY: (Without a moment's hesitation). The image of his father! I should have known him anywhere! (She throws her arms round his neck). My boy, my boy!

PORTEOUS: (With a grunt). Ugh!

LADY KITTY: Tell me, would you have known me again? Have I changed?

ARNOLD: I was only five, you know, when—when you . . .

LADY KITTY: (Emotionally). I remember as if it was yesterday. I went up into your room. (With a sudden change of manner). By the way, I always thought that nurse drank. Did you ever find out if she really did?

PORTEOUS: How the devil can you expect him to know that, Kitty?

LADY KITTY: You've never had a child, Hughie; how can you tell what they know and what they don't?

ELIZABETH: (Coming to the rescue). This is Arnold, Lord Porteous.

PORTEOUS: (Shaking hands with him). How d'you do. I knew your father.

ARNOLD: Yes.

PORTEOUS: Alive still?

ARNOLD: Yes.

PORTEOUS: He must be getting on. Is he well?

ARNOLD: Very.

PORTEOUS: Ugh! Takes care of himself, I suppose. I'm not at all well. This damned climate doesn't agree with me.

ELIZABETH: (To Lady Kitty). This is Mrs. Shenstone. And this is Mr. Luton. I hope you don't mind a very small party.

LADY KITTY: (Shaking hands with Anna and Teddie). Oh no, I shall enjoy it. I used to give enormous parties here. Political, you know. How nice you've made this room!

ELIZABETH: Oh, that's Arnold's.

ARNOLD: (Nervously). D'you like this chair? I've just bought it. It's exactly my period.

PORTEOUS: (Bluntly). It's a fake.

ARNOLD: (Indignantly). I don't think it is for a minute.

PORTEOUS: The legs are not right.

ARNOLD: I don't know how you can say that. If there is anything right about it, it's the legs.

LADY KITTY: I'm sure they're right.

PORTEOUS: You know nothing whatever about it, Kitty.

LADY KITTY: That's what you think. I think it's a beautiful chair. Hepplewhite?

ARNOLD: No, Sheraton.



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

N I T A N A L D I

The stately Italian whose black eyes have flashed from many a motion picture screen, assumed Dolores' double rôle in "Sally," and for a time the New Amsterdam Theatre harbored one who might well have been a daughter of the Caesars

LADY KITTY: Oh, I know, "The School for Scandal."

PORTEOUS: Sheraton, my dear, Sheraton.

LADY KITTY: Yes, that's what I say. I acted the screen scene at some amateur theatricals in Florence, and Ermeto Novelli, the great Italian tragedian, told me he'd never seen a Lady Teazle like me.

PORTEOUS: Ugh!

LADY KITTY: (To Elizabeth). Do you act?

ELIZABETH: Oh, I couldn't. I should be too nervous.

LADY KITTY: I'm never nervous. I'm a born actress. Of course, if I had my time over again, I'd go on the stage. You know, it's extraordinary how they keep young. Actresses, I mean. I think it's because they're always playing different parts. Hughie, do you think Arnold takes after me or after his father? Of course I think he's the very image of me. Arnold, I think I ought to tell you that I was received into the Catholic church last winter. I'd been thinking about it for years, and last time we were at Monte Carlo I met such a nice monsignore. I told him what my difficulties were and he was too wonderful. I knew Hughie wouldn't approve, so I kept it a secret. (To Elizabeth). Are you interested in religion? I think it's too wonderful. We must have a long talk about it one of these days. (Pointing to her frock). Callot?

ELIZABETH: No, Worth.

LADY KITTY: I knew it was either Worth or Callot. Of course, it's line that's the important thing. I go to Worth myself, and I always say to him, "Line, my dear Worth, line." What is the matter, Hughie?

PORTEOUS: These new teeth of mine are so damned uncomfortable.

LADY KITTY: Men are extraordinary. They can't stand the smallest discomfort. Why, a woman's life is uncomfortable from the moment she gets up in the morning till the moment she goes to bed at night. And d'you think its comfortable to sleep with a mask on your face?

PORTEOUS: They don't seem to hold up properly.

LADY KITTY: Well, that's not the fault of your teeth. That's the fault of your gums.

PORTEOUS: Damned rotten dentist. That's what's the matter.

LADY KITTY: I thought he was a very nice dentist. He told me my teeth would last till I was fifty. He has a Chinese room. It's so interesting; while he scrapes your teeth he tells you all about the dear Empress Dowager. Are you interested in China? I think it's too wonderful. You know they've cut off their pigtails. I think it's such a pity. They were so picturesque.

In the middle of this scene Mr. Champion-Cheney arrives.

LADY KITTY: (Startled). Clive!

C. C.: You didn't recognize me. It's many years since we met.

LADY KITTY: My poor Clive, your hair has gone white!

C. C.: (Holding out his hand). I hope you had a pleasant journey down from London.

LADY KITTY: (Offering him her cheek). You may kiss me, Clive.

C. C.: (Kissing her). You don't mind, Hughie?

PORTEOUS: (With a grunt). Ugh!

C. C.: (Going up to him cordially). And how are you, my dear Hughie?

PORTEOUS: Damned rheumatic if you want to know. Filthy climate you have in this country.

C. C.: Aren't you going to shake hands with me, Hughie?

PORTEOUS: I have no objection to shaking hands with you.

C. C.: You've aged, my poor Hughie.

PORTEOUS: Some one was asking how old you were the other day.

C. C.: Were they surprised when you told them?

PORTEOUS: Surprised! They wondered you weren't dead.

After the luncheon there is a game of bridge during which Lord Porteous loses his temper and abuses Lady Kitty, making her cry. They both fling out of the room in opposite directions, and Elizabeth accuses C. C. who stands silent, an amused spectator of the scene, with maliciously goading the pair on to quarrel.

ELIZABETH: You loved her once. Have you no feeling for her at all?

C. C.: None. Why should I?

ELIZABETH: She's the mother of your son.

C. C.: My dear child, you have a charming nature, as simple, frank and artless as hers was. Don't let pure humbug obscure your common sense.

ELIZABETH: We have no right to judge. She's only been here two days. We know nothing about her.

C. C.: My dear, her soul is as thickly rouged as her face. She hasn't an emotion that's sincere. She's tinsel. You think I'm cruel, cynical old man. Why, when I think of what she was, if I didn't laugh at what she has become, I should cry.

ELIZABETH: How do you know she wouldn't be just the same if she'd remained your wife? Do you think your influence would have such a salutary effect on her?

C. C.: (Good humouredly). I like you when you're bitter and rather insolent.

ELIZABETH: D'you like me enough to answer my question?

C. C.: She was only twenty-seven when she went away. She might have become anything. She might have become the woman you expected her to be. There are very few of us who are strong enough to make circumstances serve us. We are the creatures of our environment. She's a silly, worthless woman because she's led a silly, worthless life.

ELIZABETH: (Disturbed). You're horrible today.

C. C.: I don't say it's I who could have prevented her from becoming this ridiculous caricature of a pretty woman grown old. But life could. Here she would have had the friends fit to her station, and a decent activity, and worthy interests. Ask her what her life has been all these years among divorced women and kept women and the men who consort with them. There is no more lamentable pursuit than a life of pleasure.

ELIZABETH: At all events she loved and she loved greatly. I have only pity and affection for her.

C. C.: And if she loved what d'you think she felt when she saw that she had ruined Hughie? Look at him. He was tight last night after dinner and tight the night before.

ELIZABETH: I know.

C. C.: And she took it as a matter of course. How long do you suppose he's been getting tight every night? Do you think he was like that thirty years ago? Can you imagine that that was a brilliant young man, whom every one expected to be Prime Minister? Look at him now. A grumpy, sodden, old fellow with false teeth.

ELIZABETH: You have false teeth, too.

C. C.: Yes, but damn it all, they fit. She's ruined him and she knows she's ruined him.

Meantime, Teddie, an impatient lover, has been declaring his unquenchable passion, and urges Elizabeth to go away with him. He hasn't a shilling in the world—only his great burning love.

TEDDIE: If you don't want me, tell me so at once and let me get out quickly.

ELIZABETH: Teddie, nothing in the world matters anything to me but you. I'll go wherever you take me. I love you.

TEDDIE: (All to pieces). Oh, my God!

ELIZABETH: Does it mean as much to you as that? Oh, Teddie!

TEDDIE: (Trying to control himself). Don't be a fool, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: It's you're the fool. You're making me cry.

TEDDIE: You're so damned emotional.

ELIZABETH: Damned emotional yourself. I'm sure you're a rotten business man.

TEDDIE: I don't care what you think. You've made me so awfully happy. I say, what a lark life's going to be!

ELIZABETH: Teddie, you are an angel.

TEDDIE: Let's get out quick. It's no good wasting time. Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH: What?

TEDDIE: Nothing. I just like to say Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: You fool!

TEDDIE: I say, can you shoot?

ELIZABETH: No.

TEDDIE: I'll teach you. You don't know how ripping it is to start out from your camp at dawn and travel through the jungle. And you're so tired at night and the sky's all starry. It's a fair treat. Of course, I didn't want to say anything about all that till you'd decided. I'd made up my mind to be absolutely practical.

ELIZABETH: (Chaffing him). The only practical thing you said was that love is the only thing that really matters.

TEDDIE: (Happily). Pull the other leg next time, will you? I shall have to have one longer than the other.

ELIZABETH: Isn't it fun being in love with some one who's in love with you?

TEDDIE: I say, I think I'd better clear out at once, don't you? It seems rather rotten to stay on in—in this house.

ELIZABETH: You can't go tonight. There's no train.

TEDDIE: I'll go tomorrow. I'll wait in London till you're ready to join me.

Seeing that Elizabeth is about to make the same foolish plunge that has wrecked her own life, Lady Kitty interferes.



Bachrach

DOROTHY WARD

Cora Angelique, the hit of "The Whirl of New York" wore yards of pearls—the gift of the bridegroom no doubt—at her wedding on the stage of "The Winter Garden"



Bachrach

GLADYS LESLIE

The heroine of a dozen society weddings in the movies wears a veil that is a family heirloom



White



Motif by
Margaret
Vale

MARILYN MILLER
One of the outstanding weddings of the theatrical season was the marriage of Sally of the "Follies" to Blair Farquar, millionaire



Schwarz

WINONA WINTER
Summer is the open season for brides, so "The Broadway Whirl," typical summer revue had its wedding

B R I D E S O F T H E T H E A T R I C A L S E A S O N

LADY KITTY: You don't know what it is to have a man tied to you only by his honor. When married people don't get on they can separate, but if they're not married it's impossible. It's a tie that only death can sever.

ELIZABETH: If Teddie stopped caring for me, I shouldn't want him to stay with me for five minutes.

LADY KITTY: One says that when one's sure of a man's love, but when one isn't any more—oh, it's so different. In those circumstances one's got to keep a man's love. It's the only thing one has.

ELIZABETH: I'm a human being. I can stand on my own feet.

LADY KITTY: Have you got any money of your own?

ELIZABETH: None.

LADY KITTY: Then how can you stand on your own feet? You think I'm a silly, frivolous woman, but I've learned something in a bitter school. They can make what laws they like, they can give us the suffrage, but when you come down to bedrock it's the man who pays the piper who calls the tune. Woman will only be the equal of man when she earns her living in the same way that he does.

ELIZABETH: (Smiling). It sounds rather funny to hear you talk like that.

LADY KITTY: A cook who marries a butler can snap her fingers in his face, because she can earn just as much as he can. But a woman in your position and a woman in mine will always be dependent on the men who keep them.

ELIZABETH: I don't want luxury. You don't know how sick I am of all this beautiful furniture. These over-decorated houses are like a prison in which I can't breathe. When I drive about in a Callot frock and a Rolls-Royce I envy the shopgirl in a coat and skirt whom I see jumping on the tailboard of a bus.

LADY KITTY: You mean that if need be you could earn your own living?

ELIZABETH: Yes.

LADY KITTY: What could you be? A nurse or a typist. It's nonsense. Luxury saps a woman's nerve. And when she's known it once it becomes a necessity.

ELIZABETH: That depends on the woman.

LADY KITTY: When we're young we think we're different from every one else, but when we grow a little older we discover we're all very much of a muchness.

ELIZABETH: You're very kind to take so much trouble about me.

LADY KITTY: It breaks my heart to think that you're going to make the same pitiful mistake that I made.

ELIZABETH: Oh, don't say it was that, don't.

LADY KITTY: Don't? Look at me, Elizabeth, and look at Hughie. Do you think it's been a success? If I had my time over again do you think I'd do it again? Do you think he would?

ELIZABETH: You see, you don't know how much I love Teddie.

LADY KITTY: And do you think I didn't love Hughie? Do you think he didn't love me?

ELIZABETH: I'm sure he did.

LADY KITTY: Oh, of course, in the beginning it was heavenly. We felt so brave and adventurous and we were so much in love.

The first two years were wonderful. People cut me, you know, but I didn't mind. I thought love was everything. It is a little uncomfortable when you come upon an old friend and go toward her eagerly, so glad to see her, and are met with an icy stare. ELIZABETH: Do you think friends like that are worth having?

LADY KITTY: Perhaps they're not very sure of themselves. Perhaps they're honestly shocked. It's a test one had better not put one's friends to if one can help it. It's rather bitter to find how few one has.

ELIZABETH: But one has some.

LADY KITTY: Yes, they ask you to come and see them when they're quite certain no one will be there who might object to meeting you. Or else they say to you: "My dear, you know I'm devoted to you and I wouldn't mind at all, but my girl's growing up—I'm sure you understand; you won't think it unkind of me if I don't ask you to the house?"

ELIZABETH: (Smiling). That doesn't seem to me very serious.

LADY KITTY: At first I thought it rather a relief, because it threw Hughie and me together more. But, you know, men are very funny. Even when they are in love they're not in love all day long. They want change and recreation.

ELIZABETH: I'm not inclined to blame them for that, poor dears.

LADY KITTY: Then we settled in Florence. And because we couldn't get the society we'd been used to we became used to the society we could get. Loose women and vicious men. Snobs who like to patronize people with a handle to their names. Vague Italian princes who were glad to borrow a few francs from Hughie, and seedy countesses who liked to drive with me in the Cascine. And then Hughie began to hanker after his old life. He wanted to go big game shooting, but I dared not let him go. I was afraid he'd never come back.

ELIZABETH: But you knew he loved you.

LADY KITTY: Oh, my dear, what a blessed institution marriage is—for women—and what fools they are to meddle with it. The Church is so wise to take its stand on the indi-indi—

ELIZABETH: Solu—

LADY KITTY: bility of marriage. Believe me, it's no joke when you have to rely on yourself to keep a man. I could never afford to grow old. My dear, I'll tell you a secret that I've never told a living soul.

ELIZABETH: What is that?

LADY KITTY: My hair is not naturally this color.

ELIZABETH: Really!

LADY KITTY: I touch it up. You would never have guessed, would you?

ELIZABETH: Never.

LADY KITTY: Nobody does. My dear, it's white—prematurely, of course, but white. I always think it's the symbol of my life. Are you interested in symbolism? I think it's too wonderful.

ELIZABETH: I don't think I know very much about it.

LADY KITTY: However tired I've been, I've had to be brilliant and gay. I've never let Hughie see the aching heart behind my smiling eyes.

ELIZABETH: (Amused and touched). You poor dear.

LADY KITTY: And when I saw he was attracted by some one else, the fear and the jealousy that seized me! You see, I didn't dare make a scene, as I should have done if I'd been married—I had to pretend not to notice.

ELIZABETH: (Taken aback). But do you mean to say he fell in love with any one else?

LADY KITTY: Of course he did, eventually. ELIZABETH: (Hardly knowing what to say). You must have been very unhappy.

LADY KITTY: Oh, I was, dreadfully. Night after night I sobbed my heart out when Hughie told me he was going to play cards at the club and I knew he was with that odious woman. Of course, it wasn't as if there weren't plenty of men who were only too anxious to console me. Men have always been attracted by me, you know.

ELIZABETH: Oh, of course, I can quite understand it.

LADY KITTY: But I had my self respect to think of. I felt that whatever Hughie did I would do nothing that I should regret.

ELIZABETH: You must be very glad now.

LADY KITTY: Oh, yes. Notwithstanding all my temptations, I've been absolutely faithful to Hughie in spirit.

ELIZABETH: I don't think I quite understand what you mean.

LADY KITTY: Well, there was a poor Italian boy, young Count Castel Giovanni, who was so desperately in love with me that his mother begged me not to be too cruel. She was afraid he'd go into consumption. What could I do? And then, oh, years later, there was Antonio Melita. He said he'd shoot himself unless I—well, you

let the poor boy

really would

i just ter knows, you so passionate.

ELIZABETH: You fool! b. He had such

Elizabeth looks at her for a long time and a certain horror seizes her of this dissolute, painted old woman.

ELIZABETH: (Hoarsely). Oh, but I think that's dreadful!

LADY KITTY: Are you shocked? One sacrifices one's life for love and then finds that love isn't death or separation. One gets over them. The tragedy of love is indifference.

All of which eloquent propaganda against the illegitimate shakes the younger woman considerably. She argues with her lover.

ELIZABETH: What would you do if I were married to you and came and told you I loved somebody else and wanted to leave you?

TEDDIE: You have very pretty blue eyes, Elizabeth. I'd black first one and then the other. And after that we'd see.

ELIZABETH: You damned brute!

(Continued on page 338)



Photo Maurice Goldberg

ALICE BRADY

It is time to raise a loud lamentation when so gifted an actress as Alice Brady is forced to join the stars in search of playwrights. But, like the proverbial bee, she improves each shining hour, and, while waiting for some dramatist to submit a suitable play, is taking her old success "Forever After" into the remote and unfrequented corners of these United States



Camera Study by Nickolas Muray

Grief



Camera Study by Nickolas Muray

Joy



GLADYS
MONTGOMERY

The playhouse on the roof of the Century Theatre has undergone still another change of policy and is now devoted to a full length Winter Gardenesque revue, to which this fair Promenader of last season lends her gracious presence



(Center)
MAE WEST

The leading woman of many musical comedies whom those who do not know African tribal customs credit—or damn—with the invention of the shimmy, is the particular star of "The Mimic World"



ALVA FENTON

There seems to be an unlimited supply of beauty for the stage. As soon as one thinks that the half dozen or more revues running on Broadway must have left the beauty garden pretty much picked over along comes yet another, with a bouquet of such blossoms as these

HIGHLIGHTS IN "THE MIMIC WORLD"



White

FAIRE BINNEY

The bubbling star of "The Teaser," of brief yet happy memory, a type of the eternal ingenue, comes, like her sister, Constance, from the movies, and, like her, combines uncommon talent with uncommon good looks



Charlotte Fairchild

CLARE EAMES

The star of "Swords," a medieval drama, this artist wears with dignity the robes of past ages, and is able to raise a romantic play from the level of mere pageantry



Muray

MARY YOUNG

Too long absent from New York, this excellent actress, long a favorite of the Boston public, will return to Broadway this month in "We Girls," by Frederic and Fanny Hatton

STARS WHO SHINE ON BROADWAY

FANIA MARINOFF

The Russian actress who has played women of almost every nation in Europe and Asia adds a Belgian to her list of impersonations with her appearance in "The Hero," Gilbert Emery's caustic study of the aftermath of war



Drake



Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY RYAN

The heroine of "On Trial," "The House of Glass," "The Sign on the Door," and similar plays, who holds the world's championship for stage tearfulness, makes her first excursion into light comedy in "Only 38," by E. A. Thomas, the author of "Just Suppose"

FANNIE BRICE

There is only one Fannie Brice, and her annual reappearances in the Follies are occasions for rejoicing on the part of her host of admirers. This year she does something better than just her usual dialect songs—although she sings some of these, too, with her inimitable sense of character



Edward Thayer Monroe

POPULAR LEADING WOMEN IN NEW ROLES



Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARY THURMAN

This Universal star, who won a B. A. degree from the University of Utah before joining the ranks of Max Sennett's Bathing Beauties, wears her hair so picturesquely that Alfred Cheney Johnston, the well-known artist-photographer, thought he saw possibilities for a decorative study. The above is the result. Mary certainly looks sweet—not to say important—as the French Dauphin



Ira L. Hill

BOOTS WOOSTER

The flapper of "Honors Are Even" has had important rôles in "The Purple Mask," "Daddy Long Legs," and other successes

ELIZABETH RISDON

This English actress, who last season distinguished herself in "Heartbreak House," is now featured in "The Night Cap"



Edward Thayer Monroe

DOROTHY FRANCIS

If grand opera companies supplied the casts of all musical comedies, they might all be as well sung as "The Merry Widow." Dorothy Francis, in that operetta, was last year a member of Mary Garden's troupe, and before that of the French Opera Company of New Orleans. She was born and trained in Boston



Apels

DOROTHY MORTIMER

A fair Philadelphian, with five years' stock training in her native city to her credit, impersonates the sweet young thing who makes herself generally obnoxious in "Just Married"

Lewis Smith

F A V O R I T E S O F T H E N E W S E A S O N

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



ASTOR. "THE DETOUR." A play in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced August 23, with this cast:

Stephen Hardy	Augustin Duncan
Helen	Effie Shannon
Kate	Angela McCahill
Tom Lane	Willard Robertson
Dana Lamont	Harry Andrews
Dora Lamont	Eva Condon
Ben Glenny	Claude Cooper
Weinstein	James R. Waters
Jake	Chester Herman

OWEN DAVIS has written plays before this, lurid pieces mostly of the ten-twenty-thirt' variety. In "The Detour" he demonstrates that he knows how to handle tense situations with feeling and true dramatic touch, at the same time giving to his work something of the vitality and literary quality one has come to expect in the plays of Eugene O'Neill. "The Detour" is a very human play with extreme simplicity of theme, yet with a distinct problem that moves swiftly to its solution with the directness and inevitability of a Greek tragedy.

Helen Hardy, the wife of an up-state truck farmer, feels that her life has been thrown away doing the chores and drudgery of her husband's farm. She has a daughter, Kate, and to save the girl from the same hopeless fate, she saves up her egg-money so Kate may go to the city and be educated as an artist. She has been saving for ten years, quite unknown to her husband, and she has now accumulated a thousand dollars. Kate is sure she can paint well enough to capture the metropolis, but Tom Lane, one of the villagers, is in love with her, and in his uncouth way, loudly denounces the idea.

Meantime, Kate's father finds himself in monetary difficulties. He has an opportunity to acquire some coveted acres adjoining his own property, but can't raise the money. By chance he stumbles across his wife's cherished hoard. Helen admits she has saved the money and tells how she intends to use it. The farmer denies the money is hers and says in any case it is her duty to hand it over to him in the present financial emergency. He declares bluntly that he'll use the money to buy the land he wants. His wife

indignantly defies him. In a bitter scene, she reviews her past unhappy life, the hopeless drudgery, the daily grind that has made her an old woman before her time, the bleak future. She warns him that if he takes the money, she'll leave him. He is obdurate and the wife packs up to go to New York.

Seeing the preparations for the departure, the farmer begins to realize what the loss of his wife would mean. He is accustomed to dine at six sharp and here's no dinner ready. So he is ready to capitulate long before an art expert tells Kate she has no talent, and Tom persuades the girl that her next best guess is to marry him. Helen, the wife, realizes her dream is ended, but the force of habit is so strong that she again starts saving her egg money—for Kate's baby yet to come.

The rôle of Helen was acted with force, feeling and fine dignity by Effie Shannon—an actress whose early success on our stage as a laughing, golden-haired ingenue, gave little promise of the dramatic power and authoritative poise which maturer years would bring. She was wholly delightful, if a trifle too refined, as the mother, and registered a very substantial success. Willard Robertson was excellent as the rural lover, and Augustin Duncan gave a vivid picture of a rough-mannered, but not unkindly farmer.

SAM H. HARRIS. "SIX CYLINDER LOVE." A comedy in three acts by William Anthony McGuire. Produced August 25, with this cast:

Geraldine Burton	Eleanor Gordon
Richard Burton	Donald Meek
Phyllis Burton	Betty Linley
Mary	Fay Walker
Margaret Rogers	Hedda Hopper
Bertram Rogers	Calvin Thomas
Harold Winston	Kenneth Hill
William Donroy	Ralph Sippertly
Marilyn Sterling	June Walker
Gilbert Sterling	Ernest Truex
George Stapleton	Berton Churchill
Smith	Harry Hammill
Tom Johnson	Howard Hill Gibson

WILLIAM Anthony McGuire's new comedy with the high-power title starts out to be a farce, decides to become tragic, and then winds up by being half serious drama, half light comedy. Regard-

less, however, of its inconsistencies in this respect, it is a play which has that peculiar evanescent quality that makes for success, and which newspaper reporters call "human interest." Every one is bound to notice something about it which is similar to a circumstance in his or her own life, and becomes attached to it promptly for that reason. That's human nature. This fact was apparent at the opening night's performance, if one observed just when the applause was loudest. The calls for the author were insistent and prolonged, but possibly for reason of stage fright, he decided not to respond. Ernest Truex, the diminutive leader of the cast, was given an ovation which brought forth a few tremulous words of thanks. He was plainly overcome by the storm of approbation.

Mr. McGuire's comedy is a sprightly object lesson for those who live beyond their means, and who surround themselves with four-flushing acquaintances, "sunshine" friends, who become deserters when the clouds gather. Mr. McGuire uses an automobile as the luxury which brings about the downfall of two extravagant couples, and one would almost believe that he harbored a personal animus against automobile manufacturers—so hard are automobiles hit as representing infernal machines of financial destruction for the unwary.

There is a young married billing and cooing couple in the play, a sprinkling of snobs who dance and sponge their way through life, a young husband who embezzles in order to have a machine and give his wife the luxuries she craves but which his income will not provide, the stern employer who puts his dishonest employé to a hard test, and then forgives and forgets his dishonest machinations, burned biscuits and chops that the bride makes, and a couple of bungalows and gardens out in the suburbs. In that mixture, every one is bound to find something akin to his own interests and experiences, and the result is plenty of laughs and sympathy—and understanding from the audience. It is

good comedy, and an assured success. The triumvirate of males, Ernest Truex, as the young husband; Ralph Sipperly, the glib-tongued automobile salesman, and Donald Meek, the elderly husband of one of the suburban households, handle the three most important rôles, and are highly satisfactory, each in his own way. June Walker, the young wife, knows well how to get over her lines without saturating them too much with sweetness. Mr. Truex's small figure, with its pathetically drooping shoulders, and the quick, nervous mannerisms which he knows how to reproduce, help him tremendously when an effect of pathos is desired.

COMEDY. "THE TRIUMPH OF X." Play in four acts by Carlos Wupperman. Produced August 24, with this cast:

Phillis	Helen Menken
Ralph Armstrong	Robert Keith
Jenny	Mrs. Jacques Martin
Robert Knowles	Frank Morgan
William Taylor	Frederic Burt
Maid	Ingrid Dillon
Paul	Frank J. Kirke
Mrs. Armstrong	Mrs. Herbert Gresham
Colonel Prout	Ben Hendricks
Marjorie Prout	Alma Moeller
Christine	Margaret Knight
A Man	Harry D. Southard

IT is a matter of deep regret that Carlos Wupperman could not have lived to see his play, "The Triumph of X," produced. Having written it and incorporated in it so much that is worth while, he would have had the discernment to recognize the faults which only a performance, no matter how good, can bring to light. And with these faults—not many in number—corrected, we should have a play of unusual character.

Its chief fault lies in the fact that too much of its language has a certain literary flavor that is most prevalent in provincial university circles. It is natural that a young author, himself a university man, should have written it without realizing that it would sound a bit bombastic and high-flown when spoken; especially if certain actors emphasized this in rendering their lines.

As it is, "The Triumph of X" bids for, and receives, serious attention. Its theme, briefly stated, is that in each of us there is some certain unknown force which is able to gain the ascendancy over both heredity and environment. This theme is worked out in the case of a young girl who has always believed herself the daughter of a university pro-

fessor, but whose parents were a drunken father and a disreputable mother.

Becoming engaged to a fine young chap, she tastes champagne for the first time at the announcement dinner, and drinks eagerly and deeply of it. Disaster follows for all concerned when she learns the true story of her heritage; and then follows the exposition of the theme, which proves the unknown quantity X to be love.

Helen Menken, not heretofore known in a large rôle, achieves a triumph for herself, and gives an exquisitely beautiful and gripping performance of the girl, Phillis. The scene at the dinner, coming after a first act in which she is the embodiment of joy and wistful happiness, would be too intensely harrowing were it not for her skill in handling it. And later she displays not the least of her artistry in toning down the artificial quality of the lines. Altogether it is a portrayal not to be forgotten.

Frank Morgan, who is, we understand, an elder brother of the author of the play, as the professor who is Phillis' foster-father, wins admiration and sympathy with his fine work in the earlier scenes, only to lose it later by elocutionary over-emphasis. Frederic Burt is a typical cold-blooded professor of science; and Mrs. Jacques Martin is equally good as the old family servant to whom time gives privileges of speech and action. The others are sufficient to their parts.

SHUBERT. "THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES." A revue comedy by Arthur Swanstrom, John Murray Anderson and Carey Morgan. Produced August 31, with these principals:

Al Herman, Irene Franklin, Hamilton Condon, Polly Platt, Rosalind Fuller, Richard Bold, Dorothy Drew, Valodia Vestoff, Winifred Verni, James Watts, Ted Lewis, Robert Petkin, Margaret Petit, Florence Normand, Gretchen Eastman, Donald Kerr, Charles Edmonds, Ada Forman, Bird Millman

WHEN the Greenwich Village Follies first blew into town and modestly raised their silver curtain in the little playhouse on Sheridan Square, no one was more prompt than the present reviewer to recognize the merit of this new annual beauty show. I said then that from the viewpoint of splendor in scenic investiture, gorgeous color schemes, sumptuousness of costuming, display of feminine loveliness

and general snap of performance, "Follies, Jr." held its own with the most ambitious entertainments of the kind long established on Broadway. This year the Bohemians have deserted their native village and opened immediately on the Great White Way, a policy of doubtful wisdom, inasmuch as they thus lose whatever advantage the Village *cachet* and their isolation down town gave them, and at once challenge comparison with a score of rival productions in the immediate vicinity.

To be frank, this year's show does not compare favorably with its two brilliant predecessors. It comes somewhat as a shock, almost at the outset, to find Florence Normand strolling nonchalantly about in the identical skin-fitting black tights and boa she wore as "the black cat" in last year's show. Miss Normand has a lovely figure, and is generous in displaying it, especially later, when she appears entirely nude except for some gilded leaves discreetly arranged.

The show opens promisingly enough with an exhibition of Lillian Owen's clever marionettes—wonderfully realistic dolls, representing dancers and singers so skillfully manipulated as to quite convey the illusion of life. Another headliner is Irene Franklin who sings some capital songs in her own inimitable manner and Bird Millman does a tight rope act which, while thrilling, is quite out of place in the Follies.

Rosalind Fuller, the English folk singer, dances and sings with her usual zest and charm, and there is much joy and no little grace in the *pas de deux* danced by Margaret Petit and Valodia Vestoff. James Watts is highly diverting as a feminine vamp and does one of the best burlesques on "Carmen" I have never seen. Another act that stands out is, "The Last Dance," executed with grim realism by Donald Kerr and Gretchen Eastman. The wonderful Benda masks were again in evidence but not enough has yet been made of their possibilities.

In all, a good vaudeville show, not quite up to the standard the Villagers set last year.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE SILVER FOX." Comedy in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced Sept. 5, with this cast:

Frankie Turner	Vivienne Osborne
Edmund Quilter	Lawrence Grossmith
Major Stanley	William Faversham
Helen Quilter	Violet Kemble Cooper
Captain Douglas Belgrave	Ian Keith

If, in these days of lax morals and of manners still more lax, you are one of those who still hold to the ten commandments as a basis for a code of ethics, you will utterly condemn "The Silver Fox." In it, marital infidelity is looked upon as a matter of course; and, not only making love to, but fairly throwing yourself into the arms of your neighbor's husband (or wife, as the case may be), the thing most to be desired in life. If, however, you are sufficiently modern to accept these principles for the sake of entertainment, there is enough of enjoyment to be had from this "free adaptation" by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton.

It is a moderately good comedy on a fourth-rate subject, which is made to seem much better than it really is by the fine acting of every member of its small but virtually "all-star" cast.

Mr. Faversham is deservedly a favorite with New York theatre-goers. The rôle of the soldier-poet, Stanley, lies well within his powers, and he plays it with unostentatious but telling effect. He gracefully yields the center of the stage for the most part to Violet Kemble Cooper, who gives a startlingly vivid portrayal of Helen, the wife of the popular novelist whom she does not love. There is a fine intelligence which shines through all her work, as well as an emotional intensity which she holds in fine restraint, only letting it out in rare but significant moments. She is an artist to her finger-tips.

Lawrence Grossmith evidently finds the part of Edmund Quilter to his liking, for he does it with much relish, not only to himself but to his audience. One feels sorry for him in the last act for having gotten into the clutches of such a detestable person as Frankie Turner, who is made even more detestable by the art and artfulness of Vivienne Osborne's acting. She makes one think that clergymen's daughters are at least as bad as clergymen's sons are said to be.

Ian Keith completes the cast, and in his one appearance gives a good account of himself as Captain Belgrave, the flying man "who is so fine in the air but is absolutely no good on earth."

PLYMOUTH. DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING. Play in three acts by Zoe Akins. Produced August 31, with this cast:

Julian Fields	Frank Conroy
Edith	Marjorie Rambeau
Janet	Frances Victory
Walter Greenough	Lee Baker
Theodore Stewart	Hugh Dillman
Mrs. Dahlgren	Helen Robbins
Mrs. Price	Winifred Wellington
Oscar	Manart Kippen
Olga	Olga Olonova
Laura	Jean Wardley
Knight	John Robb

AGAIN, Zoe Akins has scored a triumph. She has invested a Mother-Goose title with an almost allegorical meaning and has retold an old story with an art, a simple beauty of language, and many deft twists of a vivid imagination that give it an absorbingly fresh interest.

The play tells the tragic story of a man having a tiny spark of the divine fire, too faint to be able to express itself in terms of anything more than a mediocre talent, but still enough to keep him always seeking. He is a failure, bringing unhappiness to himself and to all with whom he is concerned; and the close of the play leaves the end in gloom and uncertainty, and the audience with food for thought.

Marjorie Rambeau as Edith Fields, the wife of the man who goes a-hunting, finds a rôle of greater dimensions and much more significance than those with which she has been identified. She rises to all its possibilities and gives a really fine performance.

She is ably supported by Frank Conroy and Lee Baker, the former as the quasi-artist husband, and the latter as the "other man." Much of the value of the lines was lost owing to indistinct utterance.

Arthur Hopkins has staged the play after his own fashion, and Robert Edmond Jones has provided three fine settings; those of the Harlem flat and the studio near Washington Square being "speaking likenesses," while that of an apartment near Central Park is of rare beauty.

ELTINGE. "BACK PAY." A play in three acts and an epilogue by Fannie Hurst. Produced August 30, with this cast:

Angie Simms	Mary Shaw
Rufus Giles	Edward L. Walton
Hester Bevins	Helen MacKellar
Gerald Fishback	Frank M. Thomas
Phillip Gordon	Leo Donnelly
J. G. Wheeler	E. F. Bostwick
Lottie	Lucille LaVerne
Kitty	Hermione Shone
Babe	Carmen Nesville
Queenie	Judith Vosselli
Vida	Maureen Olsen
Chris Morrison	John T. Dwyer

T. Blackton	John Charles
M. M. G.	Donald Hall
II. Messmore	William Rhodes
Interne	Edward Power
Major Hamilton	Harry C. Bradley

FANNY HURST writes clever stories but she has still something to learn in the matter of writing plays. Her play, with the inviting title, "Back Pay," has not the modernity which Miss Hurst has, up to the present, manifested in her personal and public life. Indeed, "Back Pay," from the standpoint of theme and moral, a moral waved with all the flagrancy of a red flag, is old-fashioned, a sort of "Dame aux Camélias," but far less interesting.

The heroine is a captivating girl in the first act, full of potentialities, and craving experience. But when the intermission has passed and the second act has come, every trace of this lovable creature has gone; she has bolted from youth to maturity, and worse yet, the maternity of deep professional sinning. She wears her hair high now; she boasts a negro maid; she has her nails manicured; and she has a sumptuous apartment for which a man pays. The chances for thrills, it must be evident, are many, but they are seldom realized, for the play turns, at this point, into the typical Fanny Hurst short story, relatively static, rich in deft character portrayal and opulent with similes and metaphors.

It is these similes and metaphors, by the way, which are largely responsible for the false ring to the entire story. The characters talk like amateur students of poetry, who swathe themselves in lavish sounding comparisons which are often obtrusive, frequently odious and sometimes downright silly. Then, too, there are some *double entendres*, for Miss Hurst has not hesitated to use Broadway methods to plant Broadway laughs.

The remainder of the story is a composite picture of "The Easiest Way," "The Gold Diggers," and "The Mirage." This time, however, the heroine weds her dying war hero and then after sheltering him and burying him from her own apartment, takes an ungrateful leave of the man with whom she has been living, and who has generously permitted all these things, and paid for them. Quite sanctimoniously, she starts life anew by going back to her old job in a department store.

Helen MacKellar is altogether lovely as the heroine; her first act characterization of a girl in her

teens is a remarkable presentation of adolescent vivacity, impetuosity and beauty.

Leo Donnelly is, as usual, clean-cut and effective in his brief scene, and Hermione Shone is an animated vampire. Lucille La Verne and Judith Vosselli are good in minor rôles.

NATIONAL. "SWORDS." Play in four acts by Sidney Howard. Produced Sept. 1, with this cast:

Amina	Sophie Wilds
Giovanna	Lillian Dix
Maddelina	Helen Forrest
Canetto	Jose Ruben
Jacopone	John Saunders
Captain of the Garrison	Edward Mackay
Ugolino	Charles Waldron
Papal Nuncio	Montague Rutherford
Maria	Jane Darwell
Fiamma	Clare Eames
Fiorenzo	Catherine Roberts
Diamano	Raymond Bloomer

THROUGHOUT the first two acts of "Swords," it was the settings which absorbed the attention of the audience.

"Aren't they beautiful?" everyone kept saying during the intermissions, and then there would follow rhapsodic statements about Robert Edmond Jones and his powers as a scenic artist.

Yet, after all, "the play's the thing," and "Swords" does not become essentially dramatic until the third act. Until then the author, Sidney Howard, gives himself up to exposition and word painting. For his locale he has taken Browning's own province—Italy and Rome, and a moment in the struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline. Quite unlike Browning, however, Mr. Howard has concerned himself little with history, for his story is really just a costume play that could belong to any period in which primitive passion dominated. The story is quite simple and concerns the picturesque experiences of Donna Fiamma who is held prisoner on an island. Emissaries of the Pope, friars in disguise, and knights in armor strive to save her while she, meanwhile, must fight off the unwelcome attentions of her captor, Ugolino, and his minstrel Canetto.

But for all its picturesqueness, the play left the audience cold, and that its sojourn on Broadway proved brief, is little to be wondered at. It is surprising that any manager of experience should have been found to waste time and money on a pro-

duction so lacking in real human interest. Miss Eames was not at her best in the rôle of Fiamma. The rôle is an entirely artificial one, and at no moment strikes a genuine note. Mr. Ruben is always the polished artist, but in this case he over-acted entirely. The Paulist choir would have been more effective had the house kept dark during the singing.

SELWYN. "THE CIRCLE." Comedy in 3 acts, by William Somerset Maugham. Produced September 12, with this cast:

Arnold Champion-Cheney, M. P.	Robert Rendel
Footman	Charles L. Sealy
Mrs. Shenstone	Maxine MacDonald
Elizabeth	Estelle Winwood
Edward Luton	John Halliday
Clive Champion-Cheney	Ernest Lawford
Butler	Walter Soderling
Lord Porteous	John Drew
Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney	Mrs. Leslie Carter

NO one is quite so successful at writing satirical drawing-room comedy as your cultured Englishman. He has the trick of it just as he has the knack of wearing a dinner coat better than any one else. In America, Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, Clyde Fitch, Langdon Mitchell have essayed this field more or less felicitously, but in none of our home-brew society plays do we find quite the same distinction of dialogue, the same fine quality of cynical humor, the same easy skill in handling the scenes as in the imported article.

"The Circle," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter makes her re-appearance on Broadway after an absence of many years, is William Somerset Maugham at his best and wittiest. It is not too much to say that this new piece by the author of "Human Bondage," and "The Moon and Sixpence," is the most brilliant English comedy since the halcyon days of Pinero. If there still remains among New York theatregoers with any sense of appreciation for sparkling lines, keen satire, distinguished acting, added to an absorbing and very human story, the Selwyn theatre will need no change of bill for the balance of the season.

The play is a study of the perversity of human nature, and takes its title from the habit history has of repeating itself. Thirty-five years before the action begins, Lady Kitty Champion-Cheney eloped with

Lord Porteous, a friend of her husband. Time long ago convinced her of her mistake. Her former prettiness gone, she is now a wrinkled and rouged old woman, concealing her grey hairs by the aid of a flaring red wig. Lord Porteous has grown old with her and what with his gout and false teeth that don't fit—quarrels between the pair are incessant.

During a visit to England, Lady Kitty is seized with a sudden desire to see her son—only five years old when she went away—and revisit the home from which she fled after fastening a note on the pincushion bidding her husband, Clive Champion-Cheney, an unceremonious good-bye. Elizabeth, the young wife of Arnold Champion-Cheney, M. P., sees no impropriety in inviting her husband's mother to lunch, but to the consternation of the young couple, Arnold's father, whom they thought safe in Paris, suddenly appears. However, Champion-Cheney, Sr., is not perturbed when he hears who is coming, and when at last the runaways totter in, he takes malicious pleasure in raking up the past and adding fuel to the irritation that already exists between the pair.

Meantime, Elizabeth has a romance of her own. Neglected by Arnold, who she thinks cares more for old furniture than for her, she listens to the ardent wooing of Teddy Luton, a penniless young man, who promises a life of love and romance in the far away Malay states. Lady Kitty soon learns of the plan to elope, and in a strong, interesting scene, tries to dissuade the younger woman from making the same mistake she did. All to no purpose. Elizabeth cannot resist Teddy's brutal love-making, and the couple run away.

The piece is admirably acted. Mrs. Leslie Carter acquitted herself creditably and wore some stunning gowns in a rôle that would tax the resources of a Réjane. John Drew was at his best as the gouty Lord Porteous, and Estelle Winwood again covered herself with laurels with her quiet, restrained playing as Elizabeth. Robert Rendel, as the young husband, was too jerky and nervous to be entirely agreeable, and Ernest Lawford, capital performance as he gave, seemed a bit too young as the elder Champion-Cheney.

(Continued on page 340)



BIANCA SAROYA

A Philadelphia girl, formerly with the Boston Opera company, and a great favorite throughout South America



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SOFIA CHARLEBOIS

A native of San Francisco, a favorite of several San Carlo tours, makes her New York débüt this year



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ROMEO BOSCACCI

An Italian lyric tenor who sang for several seasons with the Boston Opera Company



SYLVIA TELL

Première Danseuse, who formerly filled a similar post with the Chicago Opera Company



PIETRO CORALLO

A dramatic tenor, brought to America by Campanini. This is his second season

STARS IN SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY



THERE goes one of the snappiest light opera comedienne I ever worked with," observed a moist-eyed actor, at the corner of Forty-third Street, indicating a comfortable-looking, middle-aged lady in a passing automobile. "That was in the eighties," he explained. "She could sing, and by George, she could dance anything, from a buck-and-wing to a *far-soul* on her toes or a *can-can*. Always full of ginger she was. The show had to go with a bang, because she never let down for a second, and that kept the rest of us up to our work. She did all the light opera *prima donna* rôles of those days—*Blonette*, *Bettina*, in 'The Mason'; *Josephine*, in 'Flimflam'; and so on—and I have never seen them done better. She is not young now, of course, but you can see the fire in her eye. Even now—at least I can—and it is in her soul, too. Proof? Why, that's Anne Caldwell, who has been writing some of the best *leads* for musical shows for the last ten years, and who has two or three on Broadway this season. She didn't use up all her life playing in light opera in her younger days—not by a *jugful*."

THE agitated reformers, who have been urging the repeal of the Vamp on screen and stage have overlooked the modern trend of our drama. Where is the successful play without the Vamp? What is life without her, what is to become of our best lawyers, our highest courts, our finest hotels, our most expensive restaurants, to say nothing of our Turkish Baths? The theatrical offices reek with her sweet perfumes, she is the beginning and the end of life. Who really objects to her? She has been the foundation of great fortunes in the theatre. What would have become of A. H. Woods without her? She has been the idol of his theatrical heart. Take the Vamp away from him and he would have to revive the Maude Adams' drama. His business future depends upon the sinful thing. The entire American stage is permeated with her sensuous appeal. The Shuberts owe several thousand dollars to the stage Vampire. She it is who stimulates the box-office at the Winter Garden, who masquerades in genteel costume shows called musical comedy, who appears in the best and the worst theatrical society. No actress of contemporary distinction has failed to vamp. Great dramatists have immortalized the Vampire, poets have adorned her in robes of rhyme, or embarrassed her with blank verse. Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Fiske, Nance O'Neil, Frances Starr, Blanche Bates, Emily Stevens.

Jane Cowl, Lenore Ulric, Olga Petrova, Francine Larrimore, yes, and even the unapproachable Maude Adams, have all vamped on the stage. Our younger actresses are studying the new vampire trick of suppressed tones and defiant clothes. Instead of destroying the career of the Vampire, let's encourage her to preach her new doctrine of equal franchise for women, till we, weak men, learn the lesson forever, that the modern woman is not accountable to anyone for her actions except herself. We need more Vampires to kill off the little birds that lie.

THE mail delivered every day at the stage-door of a playhouse where a production is filling an engagement is of a most diversified character, for circular letters come to the members of the company from cleaners and dyers, photographers, tailors, dressmakers, laundries, and a score or more of other solicitors of trade. Sometimes there are "mash-notes" or criticisms, but letters that never fail to arrive are those that crave some favor, generally of a financial nature, the more important the player the more persistent the demands. A certain star confided to the present writer an absolute disgust with this sort of thing, following many, many responses. Finally, determining to investigate some of these cases, instead of implicitly trusting as heretofore, the star found a collection of lazy, good-for-nothing grafters instead of the sick and destitute victims of fate as described in the letters. The authors generally claim to be old players or stage-hands, but one letter-writer proved, upon investigation, to be indeed "all things to all men," for he posed as an actor when addressing actors, a musician when addressing musicians, and even as a box-office man when addressing "the front of the house." One fraud who was exposed maintained a card-index system, the first letters being followed by others, quite in the approved manner of "efficiency experts."

AMONG inveterate "first-nighters" just now is a pleasant-faced, striking-looking woman, no longer in her first youth, but so well-preserved and with such a perfect complexion that no one dare venture a guess as to her age, who knows everybody, and who always seems to enjoy the play, no matter whether it is good or bad. It is obvious that she loves the theatre for its own sake, and is quite satisfied to be in it, regardless of what the stage offering may be. Her costume is always the subject of close and

admiring scrutiny by other women, and if she introduces a novelty in her gown, the arrangement of her hair, or the choice of some bit of jewelry, one may be sure that the new thing will be seen on those same other observers a night or two afterward. For the pleasant-faced woman is Lillian Russell, still beautiful, and still able to set a fashion whene'er she lists. The good-looking, round-faced, rather portly gentleman by her side is her husband, Alex. P. Moore, editor of a Pittsburgh newspaper. He was in the theatrical business himself at one time.

THERE is this difference between the ambitious young actor and his fellow-player of the other sex. The man generally wants a part in which he will be heroic, and, in general, what is known as a "matinée idol." That's what he would like. The earnest young actress, on the other hand, is more likely to desire a rôle in which she can Act, with a capital "A," regardless of the appearance she will cut. If the character is a pulchritudinous one, well and good—she will "make-up" for it to the best of her ability. But unless it affords scope for good work she will never be satisfied. That's why so many young women of the stage would like the title-rôle in "Miss Lulu Bett." No one can truthfully assert that Lulu is a pleasing personage—not as Carroll McComas played her, anyhow—and yet it is safe to say Brock Pemberton could have his choice of a round dozen of talented young leading women to represent Zona Gale's heroine if he wanted them, to judge from what one hears in the agencies and elsewhere on Broadway.

MOLIÈRE was a smart old boy and he turned out some rattling good plays. They were well constructed, the dialogue was always smooth, they were true to the life of his time, and they had the 'punch.' But how he wrote them with such tools as are shown in his contemporary portraits stumps me." The remark was made in the lobby of the Hotel Astor by a dramatist who has more than one success on Broadway at this moment. He was looking through a recent issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and had come across a reproduction of an old-fashioned engraving showing J. B. Poquelin de Molière at his desk. "Look at this," went on the Broadway playwright. "Can you imagine any live man scratching away with a quill pen on a heap of crumpled paper that looks as if it had been used for wrapping

(Below)

EFFIE SHANNON and WILLARD ROBERTSON
in "THE DETOUR"

In this very human play Miss Shannon gives an admirable performance as a middle aged farmer's wife who, her spirit crushed by years of drudgery, secretly saves up so her daughter may be spared the same empty, hopeless existence. Tom Lane, the rustic lover, a part capitally acted by Mr. Robertson, is trying to persuade the mother into letting her daughter stay on the farm and marry him



White

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, ERNEST LAWFORD and
JOHN DREW in "THE CIRCLE"

Act II. Lord Porteous (John Drew) always was crotchety when playing bridge, and this time he and his mistress have a regular flare-up, much to the amusement of Lady Kitty's former husband, who stands smiling in the background



Speda



White

SCENE IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY "THE CIRCLE"

Act I. Lady Kitty (Mrs. Leslie Carter), not having seen her son for thirty years naturally mistakes Teddie for her own offspring, on whom she turns her back

BRILLIANT PLAYS BY AMERICAN AND ENGLISH AUTHORS

cheese or bananas? I've tried to write with a quill pen, and, by dint of hard work and patience, have managed to make marks that look something like my signature in the course of some minutes. But as to getting down ideas, flowing even sluggishly, with one of those feathered skewers—well, when I look at this picture I have more respect for Molière than ever. He turned out good plays, of course, but think what he might have done if he'd had a typewriter, or even a medium soft pencil and a pad of 8½ x 11 bond. I don't believe a man *could* write a play with a quill pen these days." "It's a pity he can't. Some of the plays that get to Broadway seem to have been made with an ax!" was the cynical comment of an actor who had just come from rehearsal and didn't like his part.

THERE is talk of a revival of Milton's mask of "Comus." The proposition is, of course, an outcome of the fad for "pageants" at this time. "Comus" has seldom been seen on the regular stage in the recollection of the present generation—even of the older members. The most notable production of Milton's master-work in the last century was at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in the early sixties. It never has been done since—at least, on a grand scale.

STAGE-PLAYERS are the best-advertised people in the world. Their names and faces are known to thousands, even hundreds of thousands, and they are stared at and scrutinized when encountered in private life, dining at a restaurant, or walking in the street. But it remained for The Actors' Equity Association to unwittingly provide a free entertainment the other day, for a number of enthusiasts, who, hearing that an important meeting of the organization was to be held in the ballroom of a Broadway hotel, assembled in the corridors to catch a glimpse of Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Russell, Florence Reed, Norman Trevor, Bruce MacRae, John Drew, Frank Bacon, Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor—and all the rest of them, as they filed in, after presenting their membership cards. There is one member who never misses one of these meetings, and yet who passes entirely unnoticed, although in her day, a generation past, hers was a name to conjure with, a name known from coast to coast—Kate Claxton, who in the 70's starred successfully in "The Two Orphans."

THE recent return to New York of a prominent English actor, who was in the war from the beginning and who was desperately wounded in the Ypres campaign, offers further confirmation of the now generally-recognized fact that the man who can be convincingly gallant in a heroic part in a play is more often than not an equally good fighter off stage. The particular actor here referred to took his baptism of fire promptly. Rendered *hors de combat* in his first action, he is said to have spent more than three years in seventeen hospitals and to have undergone eleven operations, all resulting from that one wild day on a Flanders' battlefield when he led his men forward as captain in a Highland regiment which fought the enemy to a standstill. He still carries eleven

pieces of German shrapnel in various parts of his head and body.

PRACTICALLY all of the leading men familiar to Broadway are adepts with their fists as well as other weapons. The two Barrymores, Wilton Lackaye, Robert Hilliard and half a dozen others, not to mention "Doug," can give a good account of themselves either in the ring or a street brawl, while Robert Lorraine, Robert Warwick, and Vernon Castle—to name but a few—were among the first to volunteer for active service when Great Britain found itself needing soldiers. The late Maurice Barrymore, good-tempered and nonchalant as he was ordinarily, once chastised a notorious "bad man" who dared to speak to one of the ladies of the company at a Texas railway station. Barrymore knocked the fellow down, but was shot in return so badly that it took months of care to bring him back to health. Then about the first use he made of his restored vigor was to floor a loafer who ventured to address Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore while Maurice stepped into a cigar store a moment. "Come on, Georgie!" was all he said as he took his wife's arm, without even looking at the discomfited gallant in the gutter.

REVIVALS of Gilbert & Sullivan operettas have been so general in the last season or two that the catchy melodies of Sir Arthur Sullivan are jingling in our ears everywhere, on Broadway and off. Perhaps it is because the tunes from his light operas are so jingly that we recall, with something of a shock, that he was a prolific composer of sacred music, and that many of the hymns given out in church Sunday after Sunday are by him. Of course, *The Lost Chord* is indissolubly associated with his name, but how many fairly well-informed people will remember off-hand that the spirited music of *Onward, Christian Soldiers* was written by him some fifty years ago?

THE Stage-door Man is a philosopher, so is a person well worth drawing out. One in particular, made the following remarks: "No wonder they call acting 'playing' and theatres 'playhouses.' The whole thing is nothing but grown-ups 'make-believing,' just as children do. Boys 'play' soldiers, and girls 'play' ladies, pretending to be something they are not, entering into the spirit of the thing, 'acting' just as assuredly as do these men and women who get paid for their services. Of course, some actors do not really act at all, they do not characterize or impersonate, they merely memorize their lines and speak them in a natural manner. Others, however, lose their own personalities in the personalities of those they represent. Some men, who in private life are villains, in public appear heroes, while others, who in private are heroes, in public appear villains. Take George Arliss, for instance, one could not meet a gentleman more charming and considerate, a husband more devotedly domestic, and yet he has made a great success as a sly and subtle trickster in 'The Green Goddess,' and after a second year in the United States he will play the part in England. Again, showing

how seriously people take their 'playing,' many of the men and women who come out of the theatre after seeing a piece in which there is a villain will say, 'Wasn't he a horrible creature?' and 'Didn't you just want to kill that fellow?' On the other hand, they may say, 'Wasn't the leading man frank and straightforward?' And all the time, the Stage-door Man could have told them—But that's another story!"

ALTHOUGH New York is the largest American city, many towns of the North, South and West insist that they are more truly "American." It is agreed that Manhattan is the fountain-head of the theatrical profession. The great producing managers all have their business offices adjacent to Times Square; yet only a small percentage of the players are natives of the city. The number includes Elsie Ferguson and Eddie Foy, who, curiously enough, have the same initials, de Wolf Hopper, Grace George, Lew Fields, Joseph Weber, Pauline Frederick, Robert Hilliard, Dorothy Donnelly and Mabel Taliaferro, while Brooklyn produced Arnold Daly, Edmund Breese, Arthur Byron, Walter Hampden, and Marie Cahill. Many American stars hail from odd corners of the globe. Thus, May Robson from Australia; Valli Valli from Berlin; Fritzi Scheff from Vienna; Flora Zabelle from Constantinople; Alla Nazimova from Yalta, Crimea, Russia; Bertha Kalich from Lemberg, Galacia.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of actors make interesting reading, the list including the recently published reminiscences of Mrs. Langtry, Elsie Janis and Henry E. Dixey, together with the previously printed "Melancholy Tale of Me," by E. H. Sothern; "My Husband," by Mrs. Vernon Castle; "Fifteen Years of My Life," by Loie Fuller; "Pleasures and Palaces," by Eleanor Calhoun; "Autobiography" of Joseph Jefferson; "Nat Goodwin's Book"; "Story of My Life," by Ellen Terry, and "Sixty-eight Years on the Stage," by Mrs. Charles Calvert. More recently, Ted Shawn has brought out the life story of his wife, "Ruth St. Denis, Pioneer and Prophet." The most interesting and instructive of all is Colley Cibber's "Apology for His Life," printed in 1740, as it gives an excellent idea of the English stage during the reign of Queen Anne.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of the theatre are usually so impregnated with the bad habits of press agents that they become lesser literary documents, and yet there are many distinguished possibilities in their compilation. For instance, if Maude Adams were to be induced to write her memoirs, it should make a book of inspiring value. A publisher once offered her \$25,000 for them, but she refused. In some publisher's pigeon-hole are ten thousand words of the autobiography of Mrs. Leslie Carter. It was compiled years ago when she was driving to and from the theatre from her country place in Pelham, in her \$10,000 Thomas car, a yellow beauty of soundless speed. Sensational reading some would call it, and yet, as I remember it, it was the story of a brilliant career with no more or no less adventure in it than one finds in the life of any prominent actress.



Photo Brooks Myers

BLANCHE YURKA

This distinguished actress who reminds one of the Divine Sarah in her youth has spent the past summer with the Stuart Walker Repertory Company in Indianapolis. She is here seen as *Monna Vanna* in Stuart Walker's striking production of Maeterlinck's drama—one of the most ambitious and successful presentations of his season

STUART WALKER DELIGHTS INDIANAPOLIS

Originator of the Portmanteau scores big success in the Western City

By KATE MILNER RABB



AMONG the many local stock theatres that have sprung into existence all over the country in protest to the short-sighted policy of some Broadway producers in sending second-rate companies "on the road," none has been more successful than the repertory theatre established four seasons ago in Indianapolis by Stuart Walker.

It was in May, 1917, that Stuart Walker took to Indianapolis his company which, as The Portmanteau Players, had appeared in New York and Chicago, and opened a summer season of repertory. The house in which he opened was the beautiful Murat Theatre, one of the largest and best equipped theatres in the country. Among his company were such actors as George Gaul, Aldrich Bowker, J. M. Kerrigan, Edgar Stehli, Gregory Kelly, Judith Lowry, Margaret Mower, and others, with Frank Zimmerer, who had won fame by his Dunsany settings, as Art Director. Of the sixteen plays presented this first summer, "Kick In," "You Never Can Tell" and "Broadway Jones," were given for the first time in Indianapolis, and "Seventeen," which ran for two weeks, for the first time on any stage. This was the summer of the army training camps, and the young men from Fort Benjamin Harrison helped to provide the audiences which appreciated at once the excellent acting and unusual settings of the well-chosen plays.

THE next season was also successful from the start, with a company of equal excellence, and an equally good program, "Romance," with Margaret Mower in the leading part, proving one of the most popular plays, and the season closing with Mr. Walker's own play, "Jonathan Makes a Wish." The first production on any stage of "Job" was the high water mark of the season of 1919; also, "Kismet," presented for the first time in Indianapolis with George Gaul as Hajj, and McKay Morris, George Sommes, Edgar Stehli, Margaret Mower, Beatrice Maude, Elizabeth Patterson and Roshanara in the company. All the costumes, scenery and effects were the work of James Reynolds and Frank Zimmerer. This was a season for new plays, among them Booth Tarkington's "The Gibson Upright," and Wodehouse's "Piccadilly Jim," given for the first time on any stage, and "The Murderers," and "Too Many Cooks," given for the first time in Indianapolis. To the company this year were added McKay Morris, George Sommes, James Webber, Ruth Gordon, Elizabeth Patterson, and, Frank Zimmerer being abroad for the summer, James Reynolds served as Art Director.

"Two Kisses" had its world première in 1920, as did "The Storm Bird," one of the most popular plays of the season, and also "Temperamental Henry," while "The Lodger," "The Miracle Man," "A Little Journey," "A

Very Good Young Man," "Too Many Husbands," and "39 East" were seen for the first time in Indianapolis. The other plays of this very entertaining summer program were "Polly With a Past," "The Show Shop," "The Gypsy Trail," "Baby Mine," and "Peg o' My Heart," and this year, Blanche Yurka, Christabel Hunter, Julia McMahon, and Marjorie Vonnegut were added to the company.

THE 1921 season, which began the first week in May, exceeded all the others in interest and in the excellence of the plays presented. A great variety has made it possible to please every taste, the season beginning with "The Wolf," and including: "Civilian Clothes," "Mamma's Affair," "Daddies," "Smilin' Through," "The World and His Wife," "Tea For Three," "Come Seven," "My Lady Friends," "Artists' Life," "A Pair of Silk Stockings," "Main Street," "Monna Vanna," "Two Kisses," "Trilby," and "Wedding Bells." "Artist's Life," written by Samuel Merwin and Peggy Wood, had its world première, with the authors in the cast, and the first presentation of "Main Street" on any stage ran for a week with record breaking audiences. "Monna Vanna," presented the entire week of July 25, illustrates the growth of appreciation in Indianapolis of the work of this company. "Monna Vanna" was billed for the first half of a "repertory week," but was continued through the entire week because of the popular demand for it. The principals of the cast were Blanche Yurka, McKay Morris, George Sommes, and Aldrich Bowker; the setting, a triumph of beauty in color, and lighting effects—the palace, the tent, the star-lit Pisan sky—greeted with applause by the audience which later, sat hushed for some minutes each time the curtain went down, before applauding. In acting, setting, and costumes, "Monna Vanna" was Stuart Walker's finest achievement in Indianapolis.

THE middle of last July marked the six-hundredth performance of Mr. Walker's company in Indianapolis, and the seventy-first play presented by his company. His work in that city has been carried on for a sufficient length of time to show the principles on which it is conducted. Strictly speaking, he has no leading man or woman, for the actor who takes the part of a hero or heroine one week, cheerfully appears in a minor rôle the succeeding week, and the entire company shows the effect of this marvellous training by being able to assume rôles as widely different as those in which Blanche Yurka played successfully, ranging from "Tea For Three," to "Come Seven," and "Monna Vanna."

The admitted success of this system is due in great part to the spirit of the company, and this, in turn, is due to Mr. Walker, whose

determination to achieve perfection as nearly as is humanly possible in every detail—acting, setting, costumes, lighting, has inspired a similar ambition towards perfection and an unwavering loyalty on the part of his company. Russell Narramore, electrician, who has charge of one of the most remarkable switchboards in the world; Michael Figg, property master; Emil Neiglick, scene painter, and Robert McGroarty, stage director, are all responsible for the perfection of the play when presented. The group of students, some of whom will develop into actors of ability—for an important part of Mr. Walker's work has been and continues to be the training of young actors—by their conscientious interest and effort in minor parts, help to give the perfection of detail which marks each performance. Without such an *esprit de corps*, the perfection of these plays in every detail and the finish of the acting could never be accomplished, however clever the individual actors might be.

SEVERAL features of Mr. Walker's summer program are unique. One is a program of beautiful music given in the lobby before the play and between acts by the Orloff Trio, Miss Jeannette Orloff, Mrs. Clarence Coffin and Miss Geneve Hughel, accomplished performers on piano, violin, and cello, which further carries out Mr. Walker's idea of artistic perfection. Another is a little magazine, "Between Acts," edited by J. K. Nicholson, which is distributed between acts, and which contains an account of the next week's play, a sketch of some one of the actors, some gossip of the company, and a department, "The Call Board," which contains letters to Mr. Walker which are there answered. Still another is the frequent changing of the actors, new members coming on to the company from New York when some special part seems to call for them particularly. Thus, George Gaul, John Wray, Regina Wallace, and Arvid Paulsen spent the first part of the season with the company; Beatrice Maude came out to take part in one play; McKay Morris was the next to arrive, and Tom Powers came in July to take the leading part in "My Lady Friends," next, a minor part in "Artist's Life," and then Eric Valborg in "Main Street."

An unusual feature of the summer was the special children's matinee, the first of the kind ever given outside of New York, the bill for which consisted of three of Mr. Walker's own plays—"Nevertheless," "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," and "Sir David Wears a Crown," with Mr. Walker playing in the last two. An immense audience of "children from seven to seventy" testified to the popularity of this venture. The same week saw the fourth presentation of "Job" in Indianapolis, with an audience which occupied every seat in the house, and a demand that this play be given annually.



JUDITH LOWRY



GEORGE SOMMES



MARJORIE VONNEGUT



TOM POWERS



JOHN WRAY



McKAY MORRIS



GEORGE GAUL

STUART WALKER

As Director of the Stuart Walker Company, the well known organizer of the Portmanteau Theatre is repeating in Indianapolis the success he has had on Broadway

STUART WALKER'S INDIANAPOLIS PLAYERS

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By FRANK VREELAND



JUST when the League of Nations seems to be doing its best to stop all the fighting and international rowdyism, scrapping breaks out all over the screen with renewed abandon. It is but meet that the salient contribution to this means of filling in the evening between dinner and bed-time should be made by Douglas Fairbanks, who first popularized the method of curing all evils by a violent laying on of hands.

It was Fairbanks that first made claim that the movies must call for some real thumping, and that the public would stand for no nonsense in the way of stalling on the part of stars whom it hired to act with their fists. In "The Three Musketeers" this gospel is carried out most religiously, till it becomes the most sublime shindy ever seen on the silver sheet.

In this, the most ambitious production of his film career, Fairbanks has made an honest and praiseworthy attempt at artistic acting—or as much of it as can be done while scrambling around among the adventures of Alexandre Dumas' classic. But for the most part he is a tornado on two legs. He moves so swiftly that Dumas often gets left far behind. In adapting the romance to the screen Edward Knoblock has taken several liberties with the episodes concerning D'Artagnan's headlong pilgrimage to retrieve a diamond buckle and save the honor of a queen, who, after all, hardly seems to the modern mind to be worth the effort of slitting a man's gullet. Bonacieux's wife, for instance, is made his niece for the sake of her love affair with D'Artagnan—and it is food for levity to think of Los Angeles taking such pains to make an amour respectable.

BUT little matters save that it is a tingling and highly exhilarating yarn, through which Fairbanks pours the torrent of his vitality with enough force to bowl over even a French immortal. The picture just teems with Fairbanks. His duels with the Cardinal's guards are some of the most remarkable rapid-fire exhibitions of sword-play ever flashed before bewildered eyes, and as they are done with naked rapiers and everyone seems honestly bent on slashing off everyone else's eyebrows, the combats have an air of sincerity, if not downright roughness. In one scuffle, Fairbanks stabs a man on the ground as he somersaults over his foe, and then looks for excitement elsewhere. This is only one of the brisk stunts with which he outdoes himself, for he walks along rooftops with a girl in his arms, dives out of a ship's cabin into the water and rides horses at a whirlwind pace that would turn a Chevalier Bayard pale. Fairbanks gives an understanding portrayal of the sensitive, fiery Gascon cadet.

Striking and elaborate vistas of Paris in the 17th century, of the royal palace at night and of the harbor at Calais carry one back in fancy to those enchanted times as the story hurtles through them, and while the picture may be much more artistic than shooting the chutes, it has the same stirring effects.

AT the End of the World" is, cinematographically speaking—if one can speak that way—the beginning of the world for Penrhyn Stanlaws. The first photoplay produced by the noted artist shows, naturally enough, a distinct superiority in the handling of its groups, and in the unusual handling of the "shots," while its views of a gambling den in Shanghai and a lighthouse "at the end of the world" in Asia turns a little real decorative art loose on the screen.

Its story, adapted from the European stage work by Ernest Klein, invokes interest by passing principally in the unique setting of the lighthouse, where the director gets the

indispensable fight out of his system. That is the dramatic culmination to the smouldering enmity of three erstwhile friendly men, fugitive there from the fascinations of the woman of the gambling dive and her deadly eyes. She gets herself rescued picturesquely from shipwreck right at their doorstep, disrupting the idyllic Eden they had until this Eve appeared. The struggle of two of the comrades on the parapet of the beacon, alternately lit by flashes of light and blotted out in darkness, is one of the most original and gripping scraps extant on the films, where seemingly every method of tearing one's fellow being to shreds had been pictured. Betty Compson in her first fling at stardom turns on the allure successfully except as she is hauled out of the breakers, when few girls could stand the strain of looking charming. Milton Sills is attractive as the novelist who seemingly can go anywhere at will, but is never seen to write.

WALLACE REID handles a huge gold dredge instead of a racing car in "The Hell-Diggers," which may account for the lack of his usual speed. But Reid is quite at home in the corduroys and natty knee boots of a construction engineer, and even takes to a pipe kindly. The main value of this tale by Byron Morgan is that it details the little known struggle of Western farmers against the giant dredges that churn their countryside into alluvial hash. With the help of trick photography and dynamite it keeps stirring, although the chief construction engineer is opposed to placating the farmers primarily because he has a blackguardly moustache, and Lois Wilson appears to be wondering what it's all about. Lucien Littlefield cuts a cameo out of the character of a bookkeeper, and Reid has a lively scuffle on a huge dredge for which all engineering science has been called upon to furnish the ingredients.

BUT for George Arliss, "Disraeli" might very well be called "Dizzy." For all its charming glimpses of Victorian England decorated with crinolines and Louise Huff, its views of peacocks promenading on a stately terrace and of a glittering court function, this film adaptation of Louis N. Parker's play might miss the mark by some 3,000 miles, since few Americans would care to know that Russia once almost wrested the Suez Canal from England, so long as we know the Panama Canal is safe. But Arliss in his favorite rôle of the epigrammatic, idiosyncratic Prime Minister manages to make the screen give way to a real personality, and invests his conflict against the Russian spies with a touch of breathlessness, though not so much as a slap on the wrist is exchanged.

CAPPY RICKS" hums on the screen just as the rigging did in Peter B. Kyne's original stories, for Tom Forman, the director, wisely decided to make the film brand picturesque and amusing, avoiding the business details that were stuffed down the throat of Cappy in Edward Rose's stage version. There are combats galore, in the Polynesian islands as well as the high seas, and there is even an amusing example of that forbidden luxury, a saloon brawl. It hardly seems likely that Thomas Meighan, virile as he is, could batter down such a gigantic Scandinavian in a battle for the captaincy of a ship without having an onlooker cry "Frame-up!" But it is entertaining with its wordy war on the cables between Peasley and Cappy over the command of the vessel, and Meighan, Charles Abbe and Agnes Ayres do their share to make it the next best thing to a rollicking sea voyage.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



A scene from the pageant, "The Sinner Beloved," presented at Wellesley College before a conference of church workers, an demonstration from which they might gain inspiration and a working knowledge of pageantry production. Marjorie Lacey-Baker of New York, is shown as Gomer, the erring wife of Hosea, on the slave block, the Rev. Wood Stuart of Philadelphia playing the part of the High Priest of Baal-Astoreth, bidding against Hosea for Gomer.



The Rev. Phillips E. Osgood of Philadelphia as the Prophet Hosea, in his pageant, "The Sinner Beloved."



Citizens of Samaria on their way to the market place—a scene in the religious pageant "The Sinner Beloved," an outdoor presentation at Wellesley College, under the direction of Elizabeth B. Grimball.

The Church and the Drama

By ELIZABETH B. GRIMBALL

(Member of the National Commission on Church Drama and Pageantry of the Episcopal Church of America)

DRAMA as an integral part of the service of worship in the Christian Church is attracting wide-spread attention, and from at least one important sect serious consideration.

For many years there have been dramatic activities concerned with stories from the Bible, taking the form of plays, pageants and cantatas. We have had Sunday School festivals and song services, more or less dramatic and costumed symbolically, according to the particular season of the Church year, but a play or pageant as the service itself is thought of as a modern innovation, a far cry from the austere service of puritan days.

From time to time, our theatres have presented great Biblical spectacles, gorgeous' mounted, beautifully performed, like "Joseph and His Brethren." The story of Samson and Delilah set to the haunting melodies of Saint Säens, delights Metropolitan Opera goers, year after year, but plays, pageants, the ceremonial dance, in the Church as an expression of worship is spoken of as a new departure in the religious life of the day.

We have strangely forgotten, when we think in this manner, that drama was really born of the religious life of the race and dwelt in temples as an act of worship in the ritual and devotion until the dark ages of Medieval days, when the Church by an edict of basishment decreed that drama remain outside the temple walls, as entertainment only. The Mystery or Morality plays of the Church, so long the medium of expression for the great mysteries of our faith, fell into disuse within the Church itself, although in her early days the Christian Church had en-

Because the Church Was Originally the Foster-Mother of the Drama, This Article Is Selected As the First In a Series of Notable Contributions From Representative Men and Women in the Amateur Dramatic Field

(The complete list of subjects may be found on page 354)

couraged and developed the presenting in dramatic form, her history, her festivals and her truths, as had all the great religions of the race since the dawn of time.

THE Church has with few exceptions, always welcomed and used the arts of music, architecture, painting and sculpture for the embellishment of her service and temples, but drama has long waited beyond the gates, an out-cast despised and feared as a thing of the earth earthy, having no place or part in the worship of God.

Today, however, there is renewed interest manifested in the use of dramatic art as a vehicle for religious teaching. Everywhere we read of Biblical Pageants in the Church buidings, out-of-doors, in the halls of great Church Conferences. In New York, at Easter, many Churches of various denominations celebrated the "Ressurection" by pageants presented in the Chancel, itself. During the summer, as far from urban centers as the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina,

the Baptist Convention of the summer of 1921 was presenting great religious truths in pageant form. In New York there is a movement on foot, headed by Mrs. Robert Livingston, to establish a Little Theatre for one-act Bible plays. The Methodist Church was behind the magnificent spectacle of "The Wayfarer," but the Episcopal Church of America is the first to formulate a systematic plan for the furtherance of Church Drama as a part of ritual worship again.

The National Commission of Church Drama and Pageantry of the Episcopal Church of America was organized not quite two years ago by the Department of Religious Education under the Presiding Bishop and Council, with Percy Jewett Burrell as Chairman.

Men and women, members of the Episcopal Church, prominent in their special fields of dramatic art, clergymen of note deeply interested in Church Drama, form the body of the Commission. Among others are Edith Wynne Mattheson, who needs no introduction to an admiring public; Hazel MacKaye, long associated with organized Community Drama; Marjorie Lacey-Baker, of *The Little Theatre Review*; the Rev. Phillips E. Osgood, of the Church of the Mediator, Philadelphia, Vice-Chairman, and Margaret Swain Pratt, Executive Secretary.

THE Commission has the distinction of conducting the first School of Church Drama and Pageantry connected with this new trend of Church activities. In July last, Mr. Osgood and myself, were appointed to conduct such a school for the (Continued on page 350)

A Dramatic Experiment in the Church

By MARTHA CANDLER

IT was a strange sensation to enter the darkened body of the Union Methodist Church in the very heart of New York's brightest lighted theatrical section on Easter Sunday evening, and to witness the enactment in the nave of *The Resurrection of Our Lord*, a fragmentary Medieval miracle play. The vital, dramatic qualities of the play increased scene by scene from the moment Pilate was disclosed brooding over having condemned Jesus Christ, to the appearance of the Angel at the Sepulchre, and the final adoration of the risen Lord by the disciples and the three Marys, amidst a blinding radiance, and to the organ music of Handel's, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

It was strange—and significant! First, because an amazing social idea underlay its production. Secosly, because, it marked a definite step in the increasingly apparent return of the drama to the Church, where, in the Middle Ages, it was born. The production was not merely nor mainly a way of celebrating Easter. It marked the beginning



In the heart of New York's brightest lighted theatrical section, "that remarkable church on Forty-eighth Street" conducts interesting dramatic experiments. A brilliant electric sign flashes its message to all who pass

of a definite dramatic organization which will still further broaden the already broar social prigram of "that remarkable Methodist church on Forty-eighth Street." Rather, it served as the prelude to a twenty-session

course in Biblical drama to be given under the auspices of Dr. John Benson, the pastor, and by the Dramatics and Pageantry Department of New York City Community Service, of which Mrs. Mae Pashley Harris is director. The course, like the work of the church, will not be limited to Methodists or even to Protestants, or even to church people. It has been devised by Mrs. Harris especially for the revival of old miracle plays and Biblical themes, however, and will be given with particular attention to the workshop method of developing scenic settings appropriate for church interiors. Long and short plays and spectacles appropriate for the great religious holidays will be specifically treated. This is the first time in the history of the country that such a thing has been done, though there has been a growing tendency toward this sort of thing for some time past. There is now, in fact, in New York City, under the auspices of the Sunday School Association, a training school in religious drama for children.

(Continued on page 354)



An episode in the Pageant "The Pilgrim Spirit," commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth. William Bradford and John Carter are shown signing the Mayflower compact

The Pilgrim Pageant at Plymouth

The dramatic climax of Plymouth's celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock

WHAT impressed me most of all about the pageant, apart from the sheer beauty of the spectacle and the artistry with which it was presented, was the fine manner in which the spiritual significance of this tercentenary celebration was brought out."

That was the comment of President Harding, after witnessing a performance of "The Pilgrim Spirit," the mammoth pageant written and directed by Prof. George P. Baker, of the famous dramatic "workshop" at Harvard, and given during July and August as the dramatic climax of the celebrations at Plymouth, held in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the famous Plymouth Rock.

One almost suspects that during the years when President Harding was a newspaper man he may have tried his hand at dramatic criticism, so shrewdly did he lay his finger on the outstanding feature of Professor Baker's work, the feature that most of all distinguishes it from the ordinary run of historical pageants as presented in this country. In this respect, as in certain others, the spectacle given recently at Plymouth has set a standard in pageantry which one hopes may be generally followed.

Every one is familiar with the usual pageant. It presents with a greater or less degree of beauty and artistic taste, dependent on the ability of the producer, a series of historical scenes. Usually, however, the scenes are isolated one from another, picked out simply

because they present certain striking episodes in history. There is often a dramatic quality in the individual scenes, for the pageant master, if he knows his business, selects them on that account; but rarely can it be said of the pageant as a whole, that it is a dramatic production. At the best, it is usually a series of well selected and well presented dramatic scenes. At the worst, it may be a dreary succession of tableaux vivants, with interminable waits between each rearrangement of groups.

THE distinction of the Pilgrim Pageant as given at Plymouth was that it was not only historic and artistic, but it was also dramatic. That is, it had the unity that is essential to a stage drama. It was to this unity that President Harding alluded when he pointed to the spiritual significance of the tercentenary celebrations as brought out in the pageant. What Professor Baker did was to take as the motive of his work—the "plot," if you like—the persistence of the Pilgrim spirit as the expression of the national conscience at its best, through all the history of the United States. Thus, his various episodes and scenes are arranged not merely because they are dramatic in themselves but because they contribute to the dramatic unity of the entire work, leading up gradually from the prologue spoken by the voice from the Rock to the grand climax of the finale in which the great figures of Washington and Lincoln are introduced, and two wholly modern speakers exchange dialogue. Says one of these:

I wonder what the Pilgrims if they came Would say to us as freemen. Is our freedom Their freedom as they left it to our keeping—Or would they know their own in modern guise?

The reply comes in martial music, followed by a slow sweep across the pageant field of the flags of the Allies. Light glows for a moment on the replica of the Mayflower, riding at anchor in the bay, while a bugle note is heard from the ship. Then comes the Voice of the Rock: "The path of the Mayflower must forever be kept free."

There follows the entry from all sides of various historic groups which have taken part in previous episodes. A hymn is sung by a concealed choir, "The Return of the Pilgrims," the words of which are by Robert Frost and the music by John Powell. Then come the Pilgrims, "convoying," as the stage directions have it, forty-eight young women, each bearing a state flag. The music of the hymn crashes out in crescendo; the entire pageant field and the Mayflower are brilliantly illuminated; the whole cast of 1,300 persons is on the field, which is a blaze of wonderful color. Then the great field is darkened; a light shines only on the Mayflower, and the Voice from the Rock intones the majestic words of Lincoln, "With malice toward none and charity for all it is for us to resolve that this nation under God shall have a new birth of Freedom."

This résumé omits much that is essential. There are twenty scenes in all in the four episodes of the (Continued on page 356)

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Inc.

A SERIES of historical pageants on a larger and more picturesque scale than ever before attempted, occurring in a number of localities throughout the United States this past summer, show the handwriting on the wall.

A vast historical pageant of great beauty was produced in the Yosemite Valley by the California Federation of Women's Clubs. At Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, "Midsummer Night's Dream," directed by Maud Scheerer was presented by The Woman's Club of Bethlehem in the month of June. In the Middle West, in Michigan—the St. Clair County Festivals directed by Nina B. Lamkin and Edna Keith, held the center of the stage. Missouri's one-hundredth birthday was commemorated August 25th, by an historical pageant given at Albany, by Palmer College. In the South, in North Carolina, The Pageant of the Lower Cape Fear, staged by Elizabeth B. Grimball, and in Kentucky the Flag Day Pageant of Covington, produced by George Junkin, were both events of extraordinary local interest.

In the Kentucky pageant, presented in the natural amphitheatre of Devou Park, Covington, there were two thousand participants. Over forty organizations were actively represented and more than 100 leading citizens served on the working committee. The program was donated by the Retail Merchants' Association and all the costumes were supplied by individuals and organizations so that this pageant was actually produced without one dollar's expenditure by the Recreation Department of Covington Community Service.

The pageant, entitled "The Spirit of Covington," was prepared by Alice B. Rouse, historian, Kenton County. George Junkin, of Community Service was director; Miss Mary B. Laidley, assistant director, and Professor J. Lincoln Newhall was in charge of the music. The performance was in ten episodes and portrayed the high water marks of Covington's history from the earliest pioneer days to the present time: The Landing of La Salle, Boonesboro Trail with Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton, Colonel George Rogers Clark and His Staff of Scouts, Indian War, Civil War, Covington's Greetings to Lafayette, Coming of the Foreign Born and The World War.

Descendants of certain of the first settlers, who were famous characters in Kentucky's early history, took star rôles in the pageant just as they did in the St. Clair Festivals of Michigan and in the great pageants of North Carolina the past two seasons. For instance, in the episode depicting Covington's reception in 1825 to "the guest of the Nation," Marquis de Lafayette, Louis Levasseur of Covington, took the part of his illustrious grandfather, Monsieur Eugene Levasseur, secretary and historian of the Lafayette party, friend and comrade of Lafayette and author of the "Memoirs" of that never-to-be-forgotten visit. It is interesting to know that a



Miss Marjorie Day, Drama and Pageantry Specialist of Community Service, Inc. in the state of California

descendant of Levasseur is, today, an American citizen.

The owner of the famous "Kennedy's Ferry," Colonel Thomas Kennedy, who in the older days received his mail, "Care of the Mouth of the Licking River," was represented in the pageant by his descendant, B. W. Southgate, while Miss Virginia Southgate played the rôle of Dame Kennedy, wife of the Colonel.

Mr. John Menzies took the part of his ancestor, Colonel William Whitley, for whom Whitley County was named, and whose adventurous exploits make so vivid a chapter of old Kentucky days.

Mayor Thomas F. Donnelly, of Covington, impersonated Sieur de la Salle, dressed in the armor of the Chevalier. The Covington Y. M. C. A. represented the French oarsmen who accompanied the Chevalier on his many travels.

Over six thousand people witnessed this interesting pageant, among them all the city and county officials. A half-holiday was proclaimed and every factor of the town united with Covington Community Service in making the event genuinely worth while from start to finish. Said Mr. Frank H. Young, Managing Director of Covington Community Service: "Mr. George Dunkin's work stands in a class by itself. He has done more by this pageant to arouse interest in our city than has any movement ever known."

One of the quick, definite results of the Covington pageant has been the organization of a Drama Center in Covington. All persons interested in amateur dramatics are taking part and a program for the winter is being formulated.

* * *

WHAT is the most active section of the United States in community drama today? To this question there is invariably one

answer—the Pacific Coast, California, and Washington, are, without question, now taking the lead as states in the production of amateur drama and pageantry.

The beautiful pageant produced by the California Federation of Women's Clubs in the Yosemite Valley, during the past season, has been a revelation to the California people. Built upon rare historical material contributed by Gertrude Atherton, the six Districts of the Federation all united in making of the Indian, Mexican, Spanish and pioneer American periods a design full of beauty and color, a presentation thoroughly interesting and dramatic.

Marjorie Day, the Drama and Pageantry Specialist of Community Service (Incorporated) in the State of California, is enthusiastic over the Federation's achievement. Miss Day planned with them much of the preliminary work, organizing the Alameda, Sacramento and San Francisco Districts.

Through Miss Day, there has been established in the Los Angeles Center of the Drama League, a clearing house of information as to plays, directors, players, and all phases of production work. If any church, school, club or group in the community wishes to produce a play, inquiry made at Drama League Headquarters, 805 Brack Shops, Los Angeles, brings effective assistance and results.

Large municipal celebrations, especially in connection with Christmas, which have become annual community celebrations, were materially helped by this ardent young dramatic director in Los Angeles, Davis, Sacramento and Vallejo.

As Assistant General Director of the Pageants given under Community Service Supervision in Washington, and as lecturer in the School for Community Drama Directors, Miss Day reached young men and women from all parts of the country, encouraging them to carry back to their communities the idea of serving their towns or cities in the arts of the theatre. In Camp Columbia, on the Potomac, an outdoor colony of 200 girls in Government Service, an original Pageant was written and produced under Miss Day's direction. Every detail of the work was carried on by the girls of the camp.

Miss Day has carried the idea of Community teamwork in drama to the most important cities in Illinois, Colorado, Utah and California, and it has been gratifying to discover in her travels, communities that have been "waked up" to sing, play and act together, by girls and men who spent the war period in Washington. During her work in Washington, Miss Day talked to girls in all Government Bureaus and the question she invariably asked was, "Girls, what are you taking back home from your experience in Washington?" In this way interest was aroused in the art, music, dramatic and social opportunities of the Capitol City, and through the Community Service Organization, actual participation was made easy.



F A S H I O N

*As Originated and
Introduced on the Stage*

By Pauline Morgan

WE have only to glance at the newest costumes introduced on the stage today, and to visit the ateliers of the noted fashion makers to realize that the long skirt and the long bodice has arrived. It is the smart thing and the correct thing! You may choose the long, flowing sleeve or no sleeve, but sashes of ribbon, fringe or chiffon there must be.



Ira L. Hall Studio



ELEANOR WOODRUFF

WHEN Miss Woodruff makes her entrance on the stage in "Honors Are Even," the audience is immediately curious as to the designer of her ravishing gowns. A noted artist has created her three interesting gowns in entrancing silhouette and colors. Shown above is one that is a symphony in gray and Chinese blue crêpe de Chine and chiffon with three narrow bands of pastel colored ribbons finishing the sleeve which develops into a blouse cape at the back. The exquisite fabric is folded about the figure in inimitable fashion, gathering up at the bust with a dainty corsage of flowers and long tie ends of chiffon which swing to the floor tasseled with crystal beads. The crystals likewise, finish the lower edge of the gown.

Pale green chiffon with narrow inset bands of pearls and a Grecian girdle of tourquoise blue chiffon, folding into a sash-puff at the rather high waistline, spells the charm of the negligee to the right. The sash-puff, by the way, is the source of very long sash ends of tourquoise which are weighted with pearls that fall far below the hem of the gown. Again, she appears in an Oriental dinner gown of orange and gold net with a long, straight, Mediaeval waist and slightly bouffant skirt of gold lace with panniers of fox edging. The simulated sleeve becomes a court train of the net, and the headdress is extremely fashionable.



CAPE EFFECTS AND FULL

SKIRTS ARE FEATURED BY

DORIS KENYON IN THE

LOVE CHEF

*Specially posed photographs by Ira L. Hill
at the dress rehearsal*



Heavy tassels simulating fringe are a decided novelty! Here they are shown as a trimming in plum color to match the frock of corded silk which depends on a deep cape-collar for chic style. This type of a gown makes an excellent street frock *sans* the fringe, and by substituting an edging of fur

Silver cloth over blue decides the question of an effective dinner gown — a plain little bodice, cut low in the back in a V to the waistline. Interest is centered in the full hooped skirt with an occasional pom-pom of ostrich feathers. You will note that the skirt is longer!

This simple frock of white crêpe de Chine carries a swagger cape lined throughout with scarlet silk which is repeated in the sailor knot and in the buttons at the side of the skirt. The model could be developed beautifully in cloth for early fall wear





TRAVIS BANTON. 1921

SMART FASHIONS INTRODUCED IN "DULCY"

The stage becomes a recognized fashion authority

THE première of a modern society play today in New York as well as in Paris, adds a new thrill and interest to the audience of women—Fashions introduced on the stage have become authoritative, and great skill is employed by the dress-maker who has suddenly come into a realization that the stage is a medium for introducing his creations of correct and advance fashions for the gentlewoman. In "Dulcy," that delicious comedy starring Lynn Fontanne, unusually interesting costumes have been created by Bergdorf Goodman. We have sketched them above, all of which may be used as models for the personal wardrobe! For an afternoon or dinner gown what could be more fascinating than the black velvet slightly hooped skirt, longer, of course, and with a scalloped hem, lined throughout with jade green! The long, tight-fitting bodice is also of velvet, with a tiny Medici lace collar at the back, lying flat in front at the base of the throat. Long black lace sleeves reach over the hand and thumb in old-fashioned mitt-fashion. The chic *chapeau* is of black jet, *bizarre* with earrings and a canopy of black chantilly lace. Colonial pumps of black velvet, the latest whim of fashion, are observed with favor.

A truly marvelous frock is the second costume at the left of the sketch. Ashes-of-roses Paradise Crepe with a deep fringe of silk at the hem pretends to be one of the new long skirts.

It is a charming fringe treatment, and it continues to charm with fringe drooping at the underarm. It also disguises itself as a long sleeve, held in tightly at the wrist with a narrow band of velvet. This feature of elegance will doubtless enjoy a great vogue! The blouse is one of those slimpy, long-waisted affairs with a boat shaped neck, fastened at the shoulder with a scarlet rose. Smoke grey meteor also suggests a delightful model to be copied for one's personal use; low bloused bodice with a skirt folded about the figure to one side, revealing an opening of several inches for an inset panel. The edges of the silk skirt cascade to the floor in graceful trains, swishing with silver bugles. According to the fashionable dictum of formal gowns, there are no sleeves! And lastly an elaborate copper-colored lace gown creates a flurry of excitement; with hooped skirt and a tight satin bodice decorated with a deep yoke of the lace. A chiffon sash of copper brown and cherry encircles the low waist and flutters into ribbons at the side, made very quaint with a Victorian bouquet of gypsy colorings.

The manner in which Miss Fontanne arranges her hair is extremely interesting, and we overheard a number of young women exclaiming their decision to change their style of coiffure. Why is it that bangs seem to be worn so effectively by the English woman?



Grace La Rue

Irene Bordoni

Elsie Ferguson

Jeanne Eagles

Ina Claire

T. BANTON

1921

THE AMERICAN ACTRESS INVADES PARIS

*In brilliant fashion array at the
Chateau de Madrid*

AGAINST a background of shadowy tall trees, with myriads of colored lanterns swaying gracefully in the occasional breeze, the dance floor of the most *bizarre* and noted restaurant in Paris has been all season the scene of excessive gayety and sumptuous costuming! Indeed, the American stage women have been the center of admiration.

When they weren't chatting and coqueting at the closely-crowded tables about the floor, groups of stage celebrities were to be seen sauntering between dances. Their costumes were in every instance the topic of comment; for instance there was Grace La Rue in one of those sumptuous evening wraps! It was really a coat with enormous sleeves set into a very large armhole with the body part hung in draped widths. A mysterious white fur outlined all the edges and provided a stunning frame for the chemise frock of white chiffon velvet embroidered in coral and gold. An evening turban of gold lace with a fan-back of brown tulle finished the picture.

Irene Bordoni sounded the French note in a gown of black tulle shredded in streamers and panels of jet. The extremely décolleté cut of the bodice and the swathing of the hips with a

broad sash of satin were characteristic of this very individual actress. Her hat was enormously *chic*—very wide of brim, with very long paradise. There seems to be more and more paradise worn in Paris!

And then there was Elsie Ferguson, dainty and elegant with her gold hair wound into a high coronet. She was enveloped in a splendid wrap of black and white brocade, topped with a huge collar of white fox. It gathered about her in what seemed to be a circular cape. Jeanne Eagles maintained her reputation for wearing the unusual—a white satin frock strung with ribbons of white crystal. The back was most interesting, with an almost backless bodice of white chiffon and a lattice of crystals. Ina Claire certainly enjoyed Paris, and Paris enjoyed her! She looked ravishing when seen leaving the *Chateau* for *Le Perroquet*, with the sheerest sort of bodice of black tulle and a hooped skirt of heavy black lace. It will be noticed that all of the evening gowns are very bare under the arm, and skirts are decidedly longer. They all retain the uncorseted, long-waisted effects, with the exception of a bouffant gown like Miss Claire's, which calls for the close-fitting girdle.

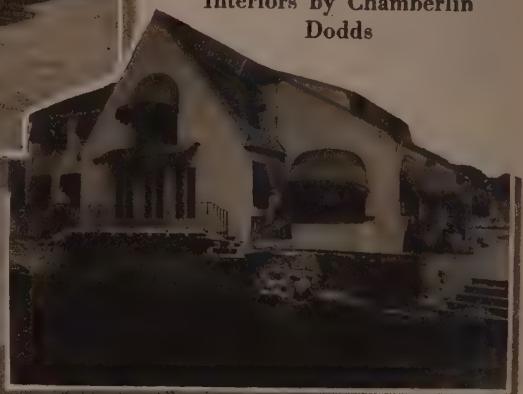


"Archie" Selwyn's Home

at Belle Island, South

Norwalk, Conn.

Interiors by Chamberlin
Dodds



At high tide one may dive into the water from the balcony at the side of the house, which is built out on the rocks. The house is of rough stucco finish, tinted a Pompeian pink. The blue-green of the black striped doors and window sashes is repeated in the awnings, which are striped with white by way of contrast.



Photos by Mattie
Edwards Hewitt

The living room is a color poem with a lovely setting of rough plastered walls, painted yellow and stippled with orange glaze. The large easy chairs are gay with a covering of blue, yellow and orange striped moire, and there is a delightful intermingling of yellow lacquer furniture with odd pieces of walnut. The windows are hung with an old chintz of brilliant coloring, and the mirror above the Venetian lacquer commode is done in jade green and deep cream with flower panels.



(Left)

The same artistry that has made the Selwyn productions notable, is reflected in Archie Selwyn's home. The dining room is its unique feature. The walls in soft yellow, with hangings of lacquer pink silk are a perfect background for the dining table of walnut, flanked by rush seated arm chairs of the peasant type of Spanish furniture. A rug of jade green adds the final note in this unusual and lovely modern color scheme.



(Right)

A guest-room where one may revel in color—yellow, black, cerise and jade green! The furniture in yellow, lined with black and decorated with multicolored flowers is in complete harmony with the soft yellow walls. A rich black carpet completes an altogether delightful room.



An elaborate wrought iron gate, copied from an old Italian model, fills a large arched opening, giving a lacey vista of the dining room from the living room. Old Italian oil jars, and jugs in vivid hues, create the high lights in the room which are repeated in the sofa cushions and lamp shades. The door, stencilled with Spanish designs, and strapped with Spanish iron, is particularly interesting.

Promenades of Angelina

In which she attends a Belasco Première, "does" Hicks, and "the Grand Tour"



Of course, I managed to get to the Belasco première of "The Easiest Way," last month. One never feels the season has really started until the first of the Belasco first nights. If you could call "The Easiest Way" a first night, seeing that it is a revival.

I had a choice of escorts, Edwin and Tubby. And I chose Tubby. Neither Edwin nor I, though precocious, had reached sufficient years of discretion twelve years ago to have seen the original production. And Tubby had,



and could compare notes at my elbow. Which he did in fine detail. Mr. Belasco chose Frances Starr and Laura Nelson Hall and Joseph Kilgour, as the three principals. And Tubby said it was absolutely uncanny the way neither Starr nor Hall seemed to have changed a bit during all those years.

"Aren't they wonderful!" was Tubby's exclamation between the acts. "Really actresses are superhuman the way they don't grow old. How do they do it, Angelina? You ought to know, you're around with them often enough. I suppose you've picked up no end of tips by this time on how to stay young."

"Haven't I just!" I responded. "And I intend to profit by them. I don't intend to grow old either, any more than the actresses. Just stick around and watch me."

"Nothing I'd like better," said Tubby, with his sentimental look, and heaved a fat, shirt-cracking sigh. (Tubby, belonging to another generation, still creaks in his shirt fronts).

So I knew it was time to change that subject . . .

I diverted Tubby's attention to the good-looking Lionel Atwill, and to Haskell Coffin, the husband of Frances Starr, in a box, applauding his hands off after the act. I watched Husband Coffin and saw that he sat tight through the *entr'actes*, and never went behind the scenes once from start to finish. Evidently, under orders from his superior officer.

Then there was the hubbub going on across the house over Mary-and-Douglas-Pickford, as an English friend of mine mixed it up when they were in London. They were submitting with their usual cordiality and grace to being mobbed by their admirers. It happens wherever they go. I must confess I don't think I should care to live in the fierce glare that beats upon their throne. And I'm sure they get fatigued with it, too. I'll tell you an amusing incident *à propos*, in a minute . . .

* * *

And there was the fascinatingly beautiful Lenore Ulrich, whom Tubby pleased me by "trothong" about as much as I. And I was able to please him in turn by introducing Miss Ulrich as we came out. She said that "Kiki," her new play, had a splendid reception out of town. "If they only like it as much in New York . . ."

I saw many evidences in the audience of New York women having already taken up the French vogue for effects in the hair. There were bands of brilliants, swathings of velvet and high Spanish combs in jet and tortoise-shell. Also, here and there those wreaths of flowers and leaves that are being worn in Paris. You'll hear that bobs are going out. Yet I saw plenty of bobbed heads at the Belasco. And hardly a month goes past that some actress doesn't add herself to the list. One of the latest is Marilynn Miller. And the other night at the invitation showing of Nazimova's "Camille," *au Ritz*, Anita Loos showed herself with the sweetest and most engaging head of straight, short hair, like a nice boy.

* * *

You may say that the bobs aren't going to be able to wear the new headdresses. But there are lots of things for them, too. Not the Spanish combs, naturally, but the ribbons and bands of brilliants, and even the flowers. I saw such a pretty, dark-haired bob with thick clusters of white gardenias and their green leaves crushed close to the temples on either side . . .

Ear-rings, that is if they're long and strik-

ing, are being worn again, for evening. The longer and more striking the better. The attractive Rita Weiman, playwright, had on such a pair, in jade. As did Mae Murray—barbaric-looking ones in gold.

After the performance was over Tubby and I decided to walk up the Avenue, it was such a lovely night. Around Fifty-third Street we wondered at a long line-up of private cars. What can be going on, we said. And then as we came opposite Hicks, the fruiterer's, I realized . . . Hicks, you must know, is now the smart thing to "do" after the theatre. Just as Childs at 59th Street used to be "doggy" after one o'clock during the war. You go in to buy an ice-cream soda . . . thirty-five cents, but, my dear, that includes the war-tax. There is no place to sit down . . . you all stand up at the counter, or wander about, glass and spoon in hand, talking to this or that acquaintance.

That night there was Grace George with Alice Brady. And the Talmadges. And Madame Namara with her spouse, Guy Bolton . . . It's all most amusing.

(Continued on page 352)



(Sketches by Art Snyder)

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American prima donna to appear here after three years successful concert and operatic work abroad, writes:

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NEW YORK

"THE CIRCLE"

(Continued from page 804)

And after more of such battling the scene runs on:

ELIZABETH: I can't face it. It's asking too much of me. Let's say goodbye to one another, Teddie. It's the only thing to do. And have pity on me. I'm giving up all my hope of happiness.

He goes up to her and looks into her eyes.

TEDDIE: But I wasn't offering you happiness. I don't think my sort of love tends to happiness. I'm jealous. I'm not a very easy man to get on with. I'm often out of temper and irritable. I should be fed to the teeth with you sometimes and so would you be with me. I dare say we'd fight like cat and dog, and sometimes we'd hate each other. Often you'd be frightfully homesick, and then you'd regret all you'd lost. Stupid women would be rude to you because we'd run away together. And some of them would cut you.

I don't offer you peace and happiness. I offer you unrest and anxiety. I don't offer you happiness. I offer you love.

ELIZABETH: (Stretching out her arms). You hateful creature, absolutely adore you.

Whereupon he throws his arms around her and kisses her passionately on the lips, which ceremony and indeed the whole proceeding secretly thrills the elderly sinner who are both of them incorrigible romantic and who can't help taking a quasi-paternal interest in the repetition of their own history.

LADY KITTY: (Confidentially). Of course, the moment he said he'd give her a black eye I knew it was finished.

Thus the "Circle" is complete when it is shown that the young people refuse to profit by the elders' experience and rush headlong into romance heedless of the result.



NEW YORK HONORS FRANK BACON

(Continued from page 292)

play in which he achieved such remarkable success.

And thus ended New York's goodbye festival to an actor whose triumphant achievement must go down in the annals of theatre history. It was an achievement particularly notable because the actor who attained it was not always an outstanding figure nor a spectacular one as Broadway stars go. Before this particular bright shining star arose his name was an unfamiliar one. Other actors' names rolled glibly off the tongues of theatregoers, but Bacon before "Lightnin'" was an Unknown. Then "Lightnin'" flashed its way across the sky of Theatreland, and the bolt struck. Bacon, making the most of his opportunity, kept the play in gleaming lights above Broadway theatres for three successive years.

MR. SCHILDKRAUT WAS MISQUOTED

My dear Mr. Editor.

Like most actors I am continually being misquoted, but I have not yet become reconciled to it. I have never until now bothered to correct the errors. I cannot, however, let the statement which you attributed to me in the September THEATRE MAGAZINE pass without denying all knowledge of it.

I never said that the only actors in America were Ben-Ami, John Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske. I would not presume to judge American acting. I have not seen enough of it. And if I should be so rash and conceited as to make a choice, I would never suggest so incongruous a combination of names. I will be very

thankful if you can correct the impression which I am sure that no left with your readers.

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT,
New York City,
Aug. 27, 1921

The source whence came the information, upon which the offending paragraph was based, was such as to preclude any idea that might have possibly arisen in the editorial mind as to its authenticity. However, since Mr. Schildkraut denies having made any such statement, there is nothing more to be said and we can only express regret that we were misinformed.—Editor.



Dainty shoulder straps of ribbon or tailored glove silk—vests extra long or short—bloomers wide-cut or snug-fitting—each woman has her individual preference. But every woman experienced in the ways of Silk Underwear selects Van Raalte—made of Glove Silk. It offers—in addition to infinite style variety—comfort, beauty and long service.

VAN RAAALTE *Glove Silk Underwear*

Made by the Makers of Van Raalte Underwear

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 316)

PRINCESS. "THE MASK OF HAMLET." Melodrama in three acts by Ario Flamma. Produced August 22, with this cast:

Paschenko	Cecil Owen
Trofn	Ashmead Scott
Katia	Laura Walker
Powell	John Todd
Father O'Fallen	John R. Amory
Marx Marvin	Harmon MacGregor
Mrs. Marvin	Leah Winslow
Margaret	Francesca Rotoli
Mr. Marvin	George Berry

THIS three-act melodrama with a piquant but wholly inappropriate title is the work of Ario Flamma, presumably the dramatic hope of Little Italy, whose enthusiastic following compensates for the rather chilly reception given him on Broadway.

His masterpiece reveals what the police have failed to discover—the plot that almost wrecked Wall Street a year ago. A woman, of course—a wild woman from Russia—is at the bottom of it all. Her victim—a good enough boy whom she has enticed away from his wife and child and converted to the cause—places the bomb. The culprit and his accomplices gather in Katia's apartment in Greenwich Village, and from this point of vantage watch events transpire in Wall Street, while one of their number reads aloud from the evening papers the accounts of the happenings they are witnessing. All of which is something of a strain on one's credulity.

On such hopeless balderdash the excellent talents of Laura Walker and Harmon MacGregor are wasted. The balance of the cast was unimportant.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "LAUNCELOT AND ELAINE." Romantic drama in 4 acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced September 14.

THOUGH Tennyson, himself, was unable to construct a so-called popular play, the dramatic instinct was undoubtedly his. Whole scenes in "Idylls of the King," imperatively demand stage presentation. In his new play, "Launcelot and Elaine," Edwin Milton Royle has hearkened to this demand, and in a manner which is at once scholarly, faithful to the original poetic conception and finely impressive.

From the familiar story of Launcelot and Elaine, he has made a play that accentuates the tragedy of the erring queen, the disloyal knight and the too-perfect king. Guinevere, the queen, as portrayed by Selena Royle, was a really beautiful personage, majestic in wondrous embroidered robes, a symbol of passion and sin. The elevation of her position, however, and the deliberateness of her wrong-doing, robs her of sympathy. But it is just as

well, for Josephine Royle as Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," inspires so much sympathy and sadness that more would be unbearable. Her misguided, or rather naïve love for Launcelot, is as beautiful an illustration of young love as literature possesses, comparable and frequently compared with the other youthful loves of Romeo and Juliet, and Paola and Francesca.

The culmination of the Elaine tragedy brought forth a great appreciative sigh from the first night audience, moved alike by the sincerity of the acting and the great beauty of the settings. For Livingston Platt has outdone himself, all in keeping with the chivalry atmosphere, and sufficiently vast to create a background suggestive of out-spreading estates, feudal castles with high towers and impending mountains. Worthy, certainly, of special note, was the sunken garden scene and the approach of the funeral barge.

Mr. Royle deserves much credit for his tireless energy in bringing this work to the stage, his efforts indicating very clearly his genuine love for real poetry. His daughters, though sometimes hesitant or wavering as amateurs might waver, are indisputably talented and beautiful as well. Pedro de Cordoba was, of course, the most distinguished member of the cast, alert to detail effect, and authoritative. The completeness of the dramatic picture was brought about also by the work of Elsie Esmond, Walter Lawrence, and Charles Harbury.

GARRICK. "DON JUAN." Romantic comedy in 3 acts by Henri Bataille. Produced Sept. 8, with this cast:

Consuelito	Mary Moore
Don Juan	Lou Tellegen
Manuel	Richard Ranier
Duke de Nunez	Paul McAllister
Chaplain	Leonard Rowe
Alonso	Henry Mortimer
Countess de Angasture	Katherine Atkinson
Clorinda	Kaj Gyt
Barbadillo	Leonard Rowe
Isabel	Myra Murray
Beatrice	Miriam Stoddard
Countess Vera de Lopez	Gladys Carr
Juanito	Robert Schilling
De Molino	Walter Howe
Oltara	Millie Butterfield
Pepilla	Stella Larrimore
Barbara	Henrietta York
Ines	Theresa Maxwell Conover

FRANK REICHER, who with the Selwyns, presents the romantic comedy "Don Juan," explains, in a program note, that the authors of the various versions of the Don Juan legend, from the Sagas of Iceland, to the stories of the fisher-folk in the Azores, have been satisfied to punish Don Juan with death, but that it has remained for Bataille to punish him with life. It is Henri

(Continued on page 344)



For sheer beauty there are
few wraps of the season
comparable to this superb
cape of finest fitch.

MILGRIM

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Mineralava —

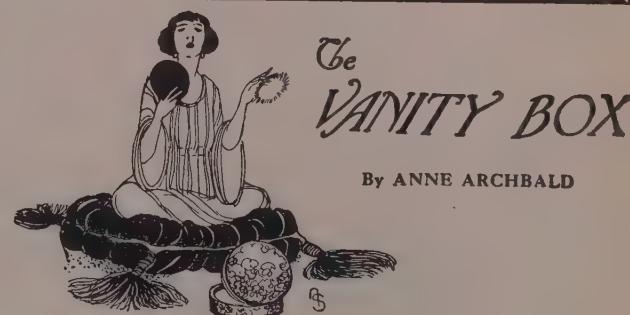
described by Anne Archbald



Dainti'y Applied With a Brush —

Cleanses clogged pores
Banishes pimples, blackheads and blemishes
Vitalizes the skin
Strengthens muscles to a firm contour
Smooths wrinkles
Restores the bloom of youth

in September "Theatre":



Stage people know the immediate and lasting benefits of a complexion discovery which cleanses the clogged pores. Their response to Anne Archbald's first word was astonishing.

Mineralava is daintily applied with a brush. You relax as it dries. No muss. No fuss.

You feel a delicious tingling as the cool clay withdraws accumulations—and lets the tired face breathe. Blood rushes through tissues and muscles. The youthful contour returns. Wrinkles disappear.

The best beauty specialists or barbers will demonstrate Mineralava. Procure the set for fifteen home treatments at your druggist or department store to-day.

Scott's
Mineralava
PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

WE ARE full of enthusiasm for a new beauty discovery we have just made and hasten to tip you off. It happened this way. . . .

We were invited to attend a rehearsal of a coming fall production by a young actor friend of ours. We came in towards the end, and afterwards our young friend came down into "the pit" and asked if we didn't want to go to dinner. They had been hammering away tooth and nail at the rehearsals for days and he looked rather fatigued and gray. So, though eager enough, we hesitated a bit at accepting the invitation.

"Are you sure . . ." we began.

"Oh, I'll be all right," he said, "if you'll just give me a chance at the club . . . to freshen up."

When we met at dinner, an hour later, he looked a different person—eyes bright, color in his cheeks, the tired lines smoothed out. And he really is a stunning looking person . . . you've all seen him, we know, on the stage, or screen . . . and better-looking off than on either.

"What a transformation," we exclaimed. "How come?"

"Shower, shave, mud-pack . . ."

"You men are putting something over on us," we said. "If that's so fine for you, why isn't it fine for us!"

Which started us investigating the next day. It turned out to be a psychological moment . . . funny how these coincidences occur, isn't it? This same idea of the mud-pack—its formula—the secret of a skilled beauty expert—was just being put on the market for women to use *at home*. Formerly it was only possible to get such a treatment in some beauty parlor, and we believe they ask five dollars and more for it. A bottle of the preparation costs only two dollars and there are any number of treatments in one bottle.

We bought a bottle, at once, and proceeded to try it out according to directions. It contained a semi-liquid greyish clay, specially selected for its medicinal qualities, deliciously perfumed. We washed our face in warm water, then painted it all over with the clay with a brush provided for the purpose. Left this coating on for about fifteen minutes, and washed it off with hot and finally cold water. The simplest operation! And wonderful! Our face—one peculiarly difficult to keep fresh and clean—was cleansed down deep into the very pores, there was a fresh pink color in it, lines were smoothed out and the skin taut. In fact we had obtained the same result with our facial mud bath as our young actor friend with his.

The preparation is really more than a cleanser. It bleaches as well, even removing tan. It is besides an automatic facial exercise that brings the cleansing blood up into the face to wash away worn tissues, tighten loose muscles and smooth out lines. It is far better than the old-fashioned massage, which all modern beauty experts agree is way out-of-date. Absolutely harmless, we strongly, even ecstatically, recommend it to your attention.

(For the name of the new Beauty-clay, and the shop where the Eyelash Preparations may be bought, write *The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.*)

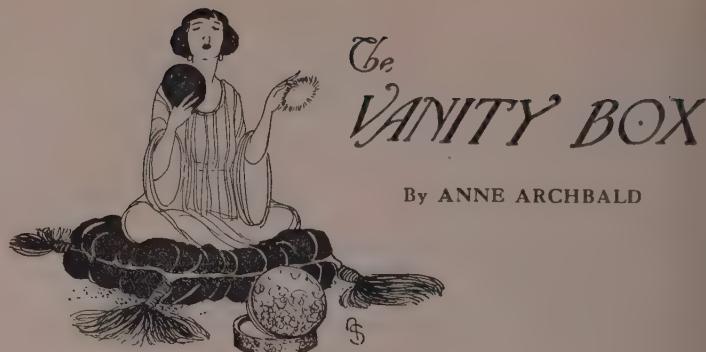
Manufacturer's Note: Scott's MINERALAVA contains absolutely nothing which can harm the most delicate skin. It is the original and genuine beauty clay, invented twenty-five years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the beauty expert, and successfully used in the most exclusive beauty parlors ever since.



Furs

Wrap-Coats with standing chin-chin collars and mandarin sleeves represent the last word from Paris as to the correct modelling of fur garments for general usage. The Balch-Price presentation includes a wide choice of furs in various adaptations of the acknowledged mode.

Balch, Price & Co.
Fulton and Smith Streets
Brooklyn, New York



By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHATEVER may be said for or against the bob, it has served one fine purpose. It has made all women, save in certain Bohemian circles, pay increasing attention to the care of their hair.

Bobbing, in the first place, unless you are lost to all sense of shame, calls for merciless attention. Not only because of its somewhat conspicuous position in the public eye, but because of the smaller amount of material one has to deal with. You may get away, by twists and quirks and curlings, with dull, lifeless, unwashed hair, if it is long. But with short hair, every defect shows. As our hairdresser says, "An unclipped, unkempt, straggly bob makes you look like a palmist."

The "bobbers," to prove that bobbing was a highly artistic and becoming and hygienic fashion, could leave no stone unturned to make every hair on their heads count.

Wherefore, the hairdressers and hair caretakers rose eagerly to meet this quest of beauty in hair, and offered new tonics and washes and treatments. And since the bobbed people showed such energy, the long-haired ones were put on their metal to prove their case in turn. And now "everybody's doing it"

There is, especially, a renewed activity in town this month, where women are giving their hair rehabilitation treatments from salt and sun, looking to the theatre and opera season. It might almost be stated as an axiom, that you can get away at the theatre with practically anything in the costume line, from the shoulders down, provided you present above them a fine-looking head of hair, exquisitely coiffed.

You should see Irene Franklin's hair, if you want a beautiful example of what hair should look like. We saw Miss Franklin—who is featured with "The Greenwich Village Follies," this fall, you know—do up her hair the other evening before the performance. Quite apart from its unique red-gold color, the quality of it is so rich. Every hair is so full of life and vitality, and glistens and waves and curls. You couldn't have that lovely red-gold shade, unless nature has already happened to hand it to you, but you could emulate Miss Franklin as to the quality and general upkeep of her hair

And we are going to suggest a few of the things that you might use with great profit in this direction:

A Lemon Blossom Shampoo, for example! One of the very best shampoos we have ever run across—quick, efficient, simple to use, fragrant with lemon, whose perfume clings to the hair for some time afterwards. From under the shampoo, the hair comes out bright and fluffy and full of lustre. And as for the price—it could hardly be more moderate:

A Pine Shampoo—exhaling the cleanly odor of the pines, a little stronger in its action, for those of you whose hair is inclined to be over-oily. Also a Tonic for Oily Hair that helps overcome any oily tendency in between shampoos:

A Henna Shampoo that is safe, because it is not a dye, nor a bleach. It must be distinguished from a henna dye, in that it will not make the hair red, but simply give it lustre and high lights and glints, especially under the electric bulbs of the theatre—an Irene-Franklin-quality of hair:

A Tonic for Dry Hair, which aids the function of the oil glands and causes a secretion and flow of the natural oil. And, naturally, in doing this, aids the growth of the hair.

All these preparations are those of a famous Fifth Avenue hairdresser, "chemists," as they say, "since 1860." (There are several more we could mention, but we are at the bottom of our page). And all are sold at fascinatingly reasonable prices. They couldn't be any more so, and be real?

(For the name of the Fifth Avenue hairdresser putting up these beauty preparations for the hair, or for any other information, write the *Vanity Box*, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York City).



Reception Room at Primrose House

The Primrose Path to Beauty

JUST off Fifth Avenue, in the sophisticated 50's, stands a little yellow house that is the fulfillment of a dream—the dream of Elsie Waterbury Morris.

Its tall Tudor windows—its prim window-boxes of English garden flowers—its gorgeous coloring—and, above all, its enchanted little red lacquer door lead, subtly enough, to the new beauty. And that beauty is now, happily, within the reach of all women.

How to Take the Lines Out of Your Face

LINES AND WRINKLES are really caused by a shrinking of the muscles under the skin. The skin, being then too loose, begins to sag or to fall into lines and wrinkles.

By building up the muscles under the skin—and there is no other way)—the sunken parts of the face are filled out. Then the skin covers a well-developed muscle. That is what gives to the face a look of health, sweetness, and above all, youth.

The only safe way to build up the facial muscles is Face-Molding—the new and scientific treatment devised by the facial expert of Primrose House.

Our expert diagnostician studies the individual needs of each face, and the attendant who treats you is instructed to build up just whichever muscles in your face need attention.

Come in to Primrose House any day—it's just one door from Fifth Avenue—or write for the Confidential Diagnosis Sheet and for directions that show you how to give yourself a Face-Molding Treatment at home.

Balsam Astringent

Pungent, invigorating, it lifts the facial muscles and makes them firm. It tightens the skin, particularly about the cheeks and chin, under the eyes and about the neck, \$4.16.

Face Molding Cream

The same physiological principle as the Primrose House Face Molding Treatment is its inspiration. A brilliant business woman uses it at the end of a hard day, quickly to build up her tired face tissues. Women of vast social responsibility find they have to have it to restore the tissues of the face. A new cream with a new purpose. Three sizes, \$1.30, \$3.12, \$5.20.

Balsam Tissue Stimulant

Smart women who lead busy social lives know the value of this pungent oil. It penetrates the skin and feeds the tired tissues underneath. It helps build up hollows under the eyes and to eradicate lines and wrinkles. Two sizes, \$1.56, \$2.86.

"The Beauty News," edited by Elsie Waterbury Morris, will come to you every month for a year, upon receipt of \$1. It will bring you the latest news about beauty from all over the world.

Write to ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS, Vice President

PRIMROSE HOUSE
GALLERY H

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For the Debutante

Swift to go is the flower-like bloom of the debutante. The girl of today must not be reckless of her complexion. She must do everything to keep her precious gift of youth.

Mrs. Morris, watching her own daughters approach girlhood, has felt that the debutante should have her own department in Primrose House. So we have made special investigations. As a result, we have evolved the Debutante Cream and a new, wholesome treatment just for the young girl.

And if she has any of the troubles peculiar to the very young—pimples or blackheads or too prominent "collar bones," Primrose House will show her how to correct these difficulties.

PRIMROSE HOUSE DEBUTANTE KIT, designed especially for the debutante, should be a part of every young girl's outfit. There is no makeup of any kind in it, but just those dainty things that keep a young girl's skin clear and healthy.

The wise mother will send the Debutante Kit to her daughter at school and college, and so be sure that her girl is using only those preparations which are safe, pure and necessary.

Or, if you wish, you can get the contents of the kit separately:

Debutante Cream

So delicate—so exquisitely fine is this wild-rose colored cream, that it can be used on a baby's skin. It nourishes the skin tissues and keeps them healthy and firm. Smart society women are quick to see its advantage for their debutante daughters. \$2.08.

Roseleaf Cleansing Cream

Brought to Primrose House by a noted English woman, famous for her complexion, this cream not only cleans the skin, but gives it the fragrance of real rose-leaves. \$1.04, \$2.08, \$3.64.

Chiffon Face Powder

Chiffon-soft, chiffon-light, chiffon-fine—this is a face powder so perfect in color and in translucent loveliness that it blends imperceptibly with every skin and enhances its beauty to a subtle smoothness. Chiffon Face Powder is the choice of the ultrafastidious. \$3.62.

Skin Freshener

A fragrant liquid tonic that banishes fatigue. It gives to the face the same freshness that early morning dewdrops give to a flower. \$1.30, \$3.12.



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WOMEN who lead the fashion know that the Sheridan conception of Style expresses perfectly their own ideals of smart dressing.

This sparkling Dance Frock of tinsel brocade has bewitching color effects in copper, blue and gold upon a black background. The bodice is of gold cloth with straps of blue velvet and gold lace.

Mail Orders Filled

FROCKS :: GOWNS :: WRAPS

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 340)

Bataille, the Frenchman's version, that Mr. Reicher and the Selwyns offer, and it is a distinctly subtle one.

Bataille's Don Juan, believed stabbed to death by a jealous husband, is a whimsical, egotistical, but wholly lovable philanderer, who, standing outside a cathedral in Seville, attends his own funeral services, observing with keen pleasure the grief of the ladies he has loved and cast aside. He decides to remain "dead," while the legend of his amatory conquests still lives. He disappears, and goes to dwell in Andalusia. Later, when faked memoirs, supposed to be his, are published, he is enraged, and decides to return to Seville and publish the genuine ones. On the eve of his departure he is cast scornfully aside by the one woman he loves with genuine adoration, who does not even believe that he is the great lover of Spain. Realizing that his legend is greater than himself, he seeks solace with a little tavern wench, who puts a price on her love.

Those who enjoy dilettante love-making plays, stories of gay philanderers, men and women who hold love lightly and who play at hearts with a zest for conquest, will be entertained by Don Juan. It is the sort of play in which the French revel. The colorful and picturesque costumes are balm to the eye, and the settings are excellent.

Lou Tellegen, with his lithe and subtle figure, and his fascinating accent, is a satisfying Don Juan. He might put a bit more verve and fire into his acting, particularly his love-making scenes, for Spain's Great Lover must have been created of flame, considering the fact that he singed the wings of every lovely lady-moth who hovered in his vicinity. Somehow his rôle seems to strike no responsive chord in Tellegen, though why it does not is a mystery, for it is a delectable rôle as great-lover rôles go.

GEORGE M. COHAN. "Two Blocks Away." A comedy in three acts by Aaron Hoffman. Produced August 30.

BARNEY Bernard, again cast as a lovable, whimsical, droll, elderly Jew, delights his large following in his new rôle, though it is in no way comparable to Abe Potash. Marie Carroll is better fitted to handle such rôles as the one she had in "The Charm School," which requires a

sweetly, gushing young ingenue, babyish and lispy, than the one assigned her in this play. John Cope has a rôle which is one of the best in the play—that of the big, blustering man who always yearned to be a "cop." His stature, build, and general manner are well adapted to the part.

"Two Blocks Away" is not as good a play as Mr. Hoffman's "Welcome Stranger." It is the sort of play which, after seeing, you forget quickly, and whose story you cannot easily recall. It deals with a poor shoemaker, who is generous and philanthropic when poor, but miserly, suspicious and mean after acquiring wealth. It is not a consistent type, not true to human nature.

BRAMHALL PLAY HOUSE
"TRUE TO FORM." Comedy in 3 acts, by Augustin MacHugh. Produced on September 14.

BOUNDING in platitudes, with an insufferable bore holding the center of the stage throughout the three acts, and all of the actors rolling under their tongues the pet word of the author—"Sycophant"—continuously, "True to Form" is not the sort of play to cause an audience to wish that the curtain might not ring down on the final act expeditiously.

Though the author of "The Meanest Man in the World," and "Officer 666," has the germ of a good plot he buries it in a cloudburst of words uttered by a hare-brained philosopher, who drinks himself into a philosophical mood, and then forces his friends to listen to his platitudinous harangues. He attempts to prove a pet theory, and in doing so adds to the domestic difficulties of a young married couple, who already are drifting apart because of their different temperaments. Everything straightens itself out eventually, but one is left with the impression that the mountebank-philosopher will go on egotistically expounding his theories as long as he has breath in his body.

Edwin Nicander, as the philosopher, undoubtedly would appear to better advantage in any other rôle. Eugenie Blair and George Graham, in the character rôles of the parents, do the best bit of work of the cast. Verna Wilkens is decidedly unsatisfactory in one of the leading rôles.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

For his newest Victor offering, Mischa Elman has given a "Hungarian Dance" of Josef Joachim, the great nineteenth-century violinist. It is as "rich and strange" as anything ever inspired by the folk-music of Hungary. Elman's tone throughout is powerful, sweet, and penetratingly disturbing, for the record calls for great emotional intensity of utterance.

"The Nightingale and the Rose" is Mabel Garrison's contribution to the Victor list. It is Saint-Saëns' beautiful serenade of the nightingale to the rose. The melody is human-written in definite musical notation—but it is a birdlike strain nevertheless, and the notes are flung off with the ease and delight of the little-winged singer. It is a beautiful number, and superbly sung by Garrison.



Visions of Youthful Loveliness

WHAT a rosy glow, a lilting quality, a radiating happiness, ardent, impulsive, vivacious youth brings to life!

And clothes, youthful clothes! How they accentuate that enthusiasm—that joyousness—that romanticism!

Clothes emblematic of that spirit can only be created by master designers who sense every whim of Youth. And it is so with the House of Youth creators. For the youth and the woman small in stature—for them, and for them only do they create their styles of youthful distinction.

As a result, how whimsical, how charming, are their winter modes. Street frocks bouffant or slim! All enveloping wraps! Coats, suits, banded with the new furs—their deep reds, Sorrento blues and Malay browns intensifying the colors of a winter landscape. And others, the epitome of Youth—yet so very moderate in price!

SCHULMAN AND HAUPTMAN

38 East 29th Street, New York

3 Avenue De L'Opera, Paris



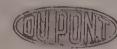
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For Misses

Shell Pyralin

OFTENTIMES a woman likes to acquire her Pyralin piece by piece. With the passing years, each article recalls some pleasant memory of the day it was added to her set—her wedding, an anniversary, a birthday or Christmas.

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Sales Department: Pyralin Division
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The genuine Pyralin can
be identified by the name
stamped on every piece

DECORATED LaBelle is one of the most beautiful patterns of Shell Pyralin. It is also made in Ivory Pyralin and Amber Pyralin. As all patterns are standard, a set may be purchased complete or piece by piece at the leading stores the country over



CLOSED SHOP IN THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 296)

About the same time that Mr. Williams approached the Equity, Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, wishing to become a producer, went to the Equity with the same proposition as had been made by Mr. Williams, and received the same pledges and guarantees. On the strength of these, Mrs. Olcott secured time at the Henry Miller Theatre, ordered an expensive scenic production and engaged some twenty Equity actors. Rehearsals proceeded for the usual length of time, but when it came to the dress rehearsal the stage hands refused to work, declaring that the theatre was unfair. Then came the same appeals to the Equity by Mrs. Olcott, backed up this time by the demands of the players as to why they should be allowed to rehearse for nearly a month and then not even open; the same appeals by the Equity to the stage hands and the same disfainful indifference by the stage hands to the pledges of the actors' organization.

SO the Equity found itself unable to keep its pledge and promises to the producers who favored it, and unable to protect its own members. Moreover, it discovered that the strike which it had started was no longer under its control but was absolutely in the hands of the stage employees. Small wonder that the differences between the Equity and the Managers were brought to a quick and unexpected settlement.

Let us keep the record clean. We will now examine Mr. Gillmore's interview in a little more detail. To those who know the facts it is an ingenious case of special pleading. This, of course, was to be expected, but it was not to be expected that it should contain statements some of which are inaccurate, some of which are inaccurate and disingenuous, and some of which are inaccurate, disingenuous and devious. Such, however, is the case.

On two occasions Mr. Gillmore mentions a lockout by the managers before the strike took place. There was no lockout by the managers at that time nor has there ever been a lockout by them.

Mr. Gillmore says that after the United Managers Protective Association had come to an agreement regarding a contract with the Equity not one-fifth of the managers used this contract. Realizing that this statement was not accurate but having no proof, I referred it to Mr. Howard Kyle, who was Secretary of the Equity at that time. Mr. Kyle characterizes it as untrue.

Mr. Gillmore says: "On May 26, 1913, in Pabst Hall, on Columbus Avenue, a meeting was held, and the Actors' Equity Association was formed. The original officers were: Francis Wilson, President;

Bruce McRae, Vice-President; Grant Mitchell, Recording Secretary."

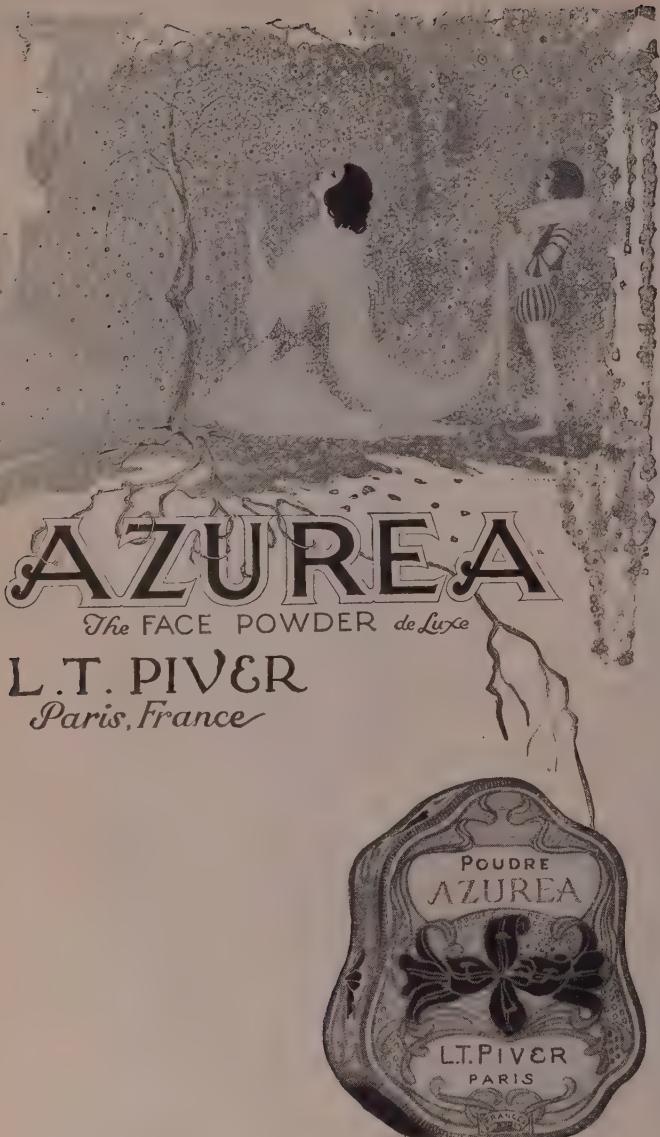
I wish to call particular attention to this list of officers as given by Mr. Gillmore. The fact is that Mr. McRae was not elected Vice-President on that occasion. Mr. McRae was made Corresponding Secretary. The Vice-President then elected was Mr. Henry Miller. Nor was Mr. Stewart made Recording Secretary. The gentleman elected to that office was Mr. Howard Kyle. But both Mr. Miller and Mr. Kyle have withdrawn from the Equity and are now respectively President and Secretary of the Fidelity. Of course, it would not be favorable to the Equity to have readers of *THE THEATRE* know that, because of their principles, these two gentlemen so prominently identified with the founding of the Equity, had left that older organization and had joined the younger. Mr. Gillmore therefore deprives Mr. Miller of his office and promotes Mr. McRae to it; abolishes entirely Mr. McRae's office of Corresponding Secretary; and elects Mr. Stewart to the office of Recording Secretary held by Mr. Kyle. In this way Mr. Gillmore is able to suppress the names both of Mr. Miller and Mr. Kyle who are now officers of the Fidelity. Inaccurate; disingenuous; devious.

Mr. Gillmore, giving his version of the events leading to this strike says: "It (The Producing Managers' Association) held a meeting with the Equity and we then decided that eight performances a week should be the maximum given, and for all performances above that, actors were to be paid extra. The members of The Producing Managers' Association flew into a rage at this, and disavowed the Equity."

HERE are the facts:

The Producing Managers' Association, realizing that the two years' life of the contract then existing between actors and managers would soon expire, and desiring to live peacefully with the Equity and its members, appointed a Committee on Contracts to revise the then current contract although but two years previously the Equity had accepted it as fair and equitable. The writer of this article was Chairman of that Committee, and we recommended to our association that eight performances should constitute a week and that there should be no performances at half salaries. Some of our members—a minority however—were opposed to this and with the idea of thoroughly threshing out the matter, the P. M. A. sent an invitation to the Council of the Equity inviting them to a luncheon at the Claridge Hotel, at which the proposed new contract, and all other matters which the Equity wished to take up, could

(Continued on page 348)



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for the directors' table
for the private office
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(Concluded from page 346)

be discussed in an absolutely friendly manner. This was the "meeting" to which Mr. Gilmore refers.

The Council of the Equity accepted the Producing Managers' Association's invitation to luncheon and the latter went to it as to a love-feast. After the luncheon, Mr. Wilson, as President of the Equity, was asked to make the opening remarks. The first words Mr. Wilson spoke were: "Gentlemen. Five years ago we came before you with our hats in our hands. Well, it's different now." From that moment, every man present sat there with his gun in his hand.

THEN and there, and in so many words, the Equity suggested that the Managers accept the closed shop. All other demands by the Equity could have been met, but the closed shop the managers refused to consider. That was the rock on which we split.

When the strike came the managers announced that the closed shop was the real issue. To their astonishment Equity denied that it entered into the matter, and asserted that such a thing was not even considered by them. Here was a distinct cleavage as regards the truth between the two Associations. The press, the public, and the authors, thinking that the closed shop in the theatre was an incredible and impossible thing, imagined that the managers were trying to deceive them and sided with the Equity. Two years have not passed and Equity already has put the closed shop into operation wherever it has found it possible.

Equity shop and closed shop are one and the same. The only difference is in words. If a play were produced with all Fidelity or Independent actors in it, Equity knows, that through its affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, the stage hands, musicians, transfermen and, in fact, all persons connected with the production of the play, could be called out on strike. In fact, the Equity Shop Committee admits that a play with a non-Equity cast could not survive a performance in our unionized theatres.

What would closed shop mean to the theatre? This is the opinion set forth in a report by the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, after a long conference with Equity on the subject:

"The Equity Shop when enforced will have the full effect of a closed shop, with all the injustice, hardships and disaster it implies, especially when forced upon those engaged in the practice of an art. We find that in its most innocuous form it will mean that the dramatist will no longer be free to choose his cast as he thinks best for his play, but

must recruit it entirely from the ranks of the Equity. To us it seems perfectly plain that the Equity Shop, at one sweep, vests itself with the power of a Czar in the realm of the theatre.

"At once this opens up the very important question: Are we, as dramatists, without some emphatic protest—prepared to surrender to the Council of the Equity—a body of some forty actors—the power to dictate the policy of the whole theatre; to decide who may write a play, who produce it, who perform it—for this is the power with which they will automatically invest themselves the moment the Equity Shop is put into practice. It means nothing to us that the spokesmen of the present council declare that its members have no intention of exercising any such power; but we cannot forget the lessons of history; we know that the attainment of that power is only the forerunner of the use and then the misuse of that power. And we readily see, without the aid of imagination, the dire result of a one-class control of the theatre, be it in the hands of actor, manager or playwright."

It may be argued that this is an alarmist report and that the thing predicted could never come to pass. But these conditions, and many that are worse, have already come into existence in the Yiddish Theatre where the closed shop has been in operation for some time.

MY attention was first called to the existence of the Yiddish Actors' Union when "Bought and Paid For" was produced there. When I went to see the performance I found the leading comedy part, that of a youth of twenty-two or three, played by a man of nearly sixty who was considerably taller than the leading man. The leading woman, instead of being a slim and charming young girl, was an actress of at least forty years of age and of voluminous figure.

Enquiry developed the following facts: Owing to the closed shop being in existence, the union not only stipulated how many members were to be in the manager's company, but also designated who those players were to be. It also classified the players and stipulated the rôles they were to play, whether they were suited to them or not, and under these conditions, the character of Jimmie in "Bought and Paid For" fell to a man who was nearly old enough to be Jimmie's grandfather.

As the Dramatists' Guild so aptly says:

"Equity shop, at one sweep, vests itself with the power of a czar in the realm of the theatre."



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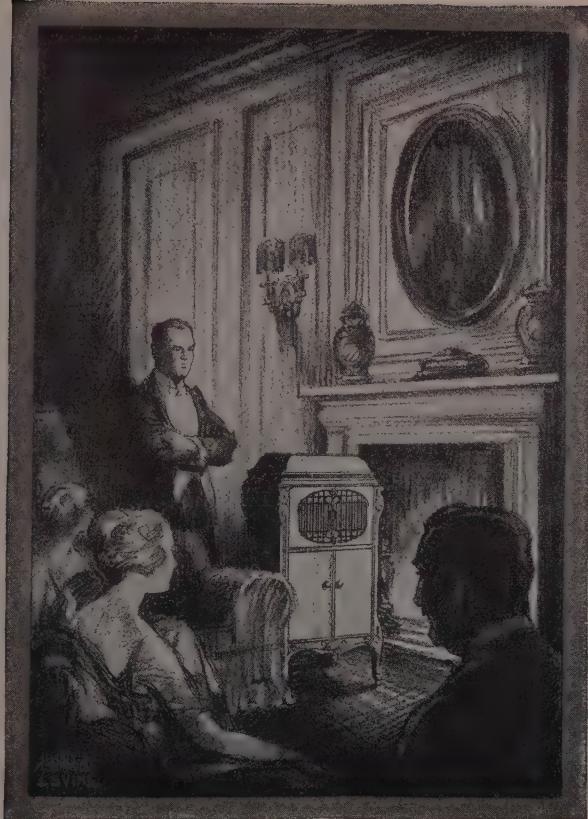
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THE AMATEUR STAGE

The Church and the Drama

(Continued from page 326)

Conference of Church Workers of the Episcopal Church, held at Wellesley College.

Mr. Osgood gave a brilliant series of lectures on comparative religion and ritual as drama in all the faiths of mankind, and I conducted a demonstration technical course in Church Pageantry, using as a medium, "The Sinner Beloved," a dramatization by Mr. Osgood from the Book of Hosea.

The Conference allowed the use of the Crypt of the Wellesley Chapel for a Pageant Workshop. Here costumes were produced and gorgeous Assyrian Standards, and head-dresses, Hebraic horns and cymbals.

Added to these costumes and properties were some beautiful textiles dyed and loaned by Mrs. John Brooks Leavitt, from Detroit (and formerly associated with Sam Hume's Art & Craft Theatre), now of New York, and a member of the Commission. The Church of the Mediator, Philadelphia, and St. John's, Roxbury, Massachusetts, also loaned handsome costumes and properties. Thus, it was possible for the work-shop to set and harmoniously and brilliantly costume the pageant in five working days from the time of the opening of the Conference to the afternoon of July 5, when it was produced in the out-door theatre near the lake.

THIS production, in its preparation and performance, was used as a medium for teaching certain fundamental principles underlying the presentation of drama in the Church as a part of the Ritual. Plays and pageants presented in the body of the Church, while governed by the same laws of proportion in settings, of correctness in costuming, of harmony and contrast in color, of sincerity in characterization and portraiture—as drama presented anywhere else, nevertheless are also subject to certain limitations on the technical side.

A play in a Church is never to be thought of as an entertainment or a show or even only educational. It must be in the Church for the one reason that it is an act of worship, something done in remembrance of a Supreme Being manifested through a great truth in presentation. Underlying all dramatic ritual of temple worship in the early days of the race, was the ideal of prayer and so today, the cause of a dramatic production in a Church must be a desire to more intensely worship.

No one who saw the beautiful performance of "Eager Heart," at Christmas, two years ago, in St. George's Church, New York, as di-

rected by Helen Ford, came away without a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart. When a ritual dance was given before the Altar of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowerie, last Spring, all who were fortunate enough to see it felt the impulse of ecstatic worship prompting the rhythmic beautiful movements.

THE characters in a drama in the Church should use no artificial stage make-up. The costumes must be carefully planned, if symbolical, according to the meaning of color as used by the Church.

If the play or pageant is historical then it will be of the Old Testament period, influenced according to the date by either Egypt, Assyria or other rival powers. Many of the Morality plays are costumed in medieval style.

The setting of a Church drama is the Church itself, sometimes with the addition of beautiful curtains or screens, in keeping with the architecture and decoration of the Church.

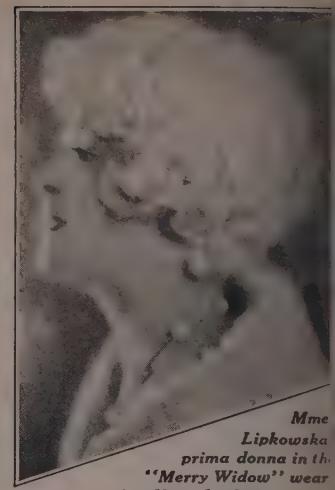
The lighting of a play in Church must be governed by the conditions in the building. Flood lights used from the back of the Church have proven the best and most artistic method of introducing artificial light.

There must be careful selection of the kind of play for use in the Church, as to form and choice of language and general fitness. There must be reverent and careful preparation for presentation by the participants, whether the pageant as a form of worship is performed in Church or out-of-doors. In any case, it is a service of worship.

It is suggested by the Commission on Church Drama and Pageantry that there be formed in parishes, Drama Councils, and that the method of the Rev. Osgood, with drama as presented by the Church of the Mediator in Sunday School work, be adopted by other Churches.

In all Junior Classes, informal dramatizations of Bible stories are acted in class, costumed correctly. The Church maintains a wardrobe department and it is suggested that other Churches do likewise, so that there may be arranged a plan by which costumes for religious plays may be interchangeable in parishes.

A list of plays recommended as being beautiful and suitable for use in the body of the Church, will be sent on request, when accompanied by a stamped return envelope. Address: The Editor, The Amateur Stage, Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th St., New York City.



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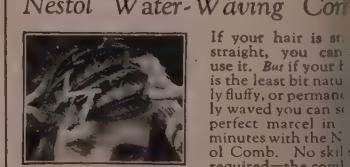
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PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(Continued from page 336)

"Let's do the grand tour," said Tubby coming out.

"What is the grand tour?" I inquired.

"Fifty-third to Washington Square and back to Fifty-ninth," he answered. "It is obligatory that it be done in a sea-going facre. We'll pretend it's Paris."

"New York is good enough for me at present," I declared, reviewing the evening and its gallery of celebrities. "But I'll take a chance. *Allons!*"

On the return trip—it was around

one o'clock in the morning—occurred the amusing incident referred to at 42nd Street, whom should see but d'Artagnan Fairbanks Princess Mary, walking up down the street, arm in arm, hour and the semi-darkness shrouding their famous identities.

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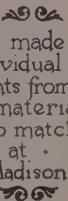
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THE AMATEUR STAGE

A Dramatic Experiment in the Church

(Continued from page 326)

WHETHER or not other churches and other ministers will consider this religious dramatic school a radical step does not particularly concern Dr. Benson, whose church by reason of its vantage point practically on the Great White Way, is directly or indirectly concerned with the ultimate solution of the problems of thousands of young girls annually drawn to New York by the lure of the footlights.

The desire for self-expression, according to his theory, is the driving impulse of every human soul, and becomes dangerous when repressed or thwarted by lack of elasticity in our social organization. While the course in Biblical drama will, at present, look to creating leadership for bringing the means of dramatic self-expression into the everyday reach of young girls and men in the neighborhoods and suburbs of Greater New York only, it is the humble hope of its initiators that it will gradually extend far outside, and that meanwhile, it may serve as a suggestion for the formation of other courses.

While the *Wayfarer* players and other professionals of a high type generously offered their services for the production of the "Resurrection," amateur talent was used exclusively, the aim of the production being to demonstrate what could be done with "raw material." How the historic appreciation of the players, themselves, as well as the audience, is broadened was shown in the rehearsals, by a young girl who came

to the preliminary reading of the play. She announced that she might take a part since she had once played in a vaudeville sketch. But after hearing the reading, she withdrew her offer, the play being too "queer" for her ingenue talents. Her equally youthful husband did, however, take one of the male parts, and she accompanied him to the final rehearsal.

Speechlessly, she watched Mary Magdalene enter, followed by the other Marys and go through the pantomime of searching for the Tomb and finding it empty. She watched while Mary Magdalene was prevented from casting away her incense by the other Mary who bade her anoint the empty tomb with it, while she told Peter and John the news, while she lamented after the way of Jewish women, and while, finally at the appearance of the Angel of the Lord, she fell in speechless adoration.

"I'd give anything to have played that part!" the girl finally whispered. "I had no idea there was so much to it!"

With the little theatre an established American institution, and the community church movement one whose influence has already been felt, in the most remote village in the country, return of the drama to the church might logically have been expected. Certain it is that with the most impressive architectural settings in the world, the most picturesque traditions, the most vital, vivid themes to draw from, the drama in the church has a great future.

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Your selection of a play is an important one in planning an amateur production. The advertisers on this page will gladly send you catalogues and detailed information, if you mention the *Theatre Magazine*.

Announcement of Important Contributions
to the Amateur Stage Department

"The Church and the Drama," published in this issue, is the first in the series of informative articles which will appear each month. The following is a partial list of subjects and authors.

THE PRODUCTION OF GREEK PLAYS IN SCHOOLS, by Edith Wynne Matthison and Charles Rann Kennedy.

THE FOLK PLAY, by Prof. Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina.

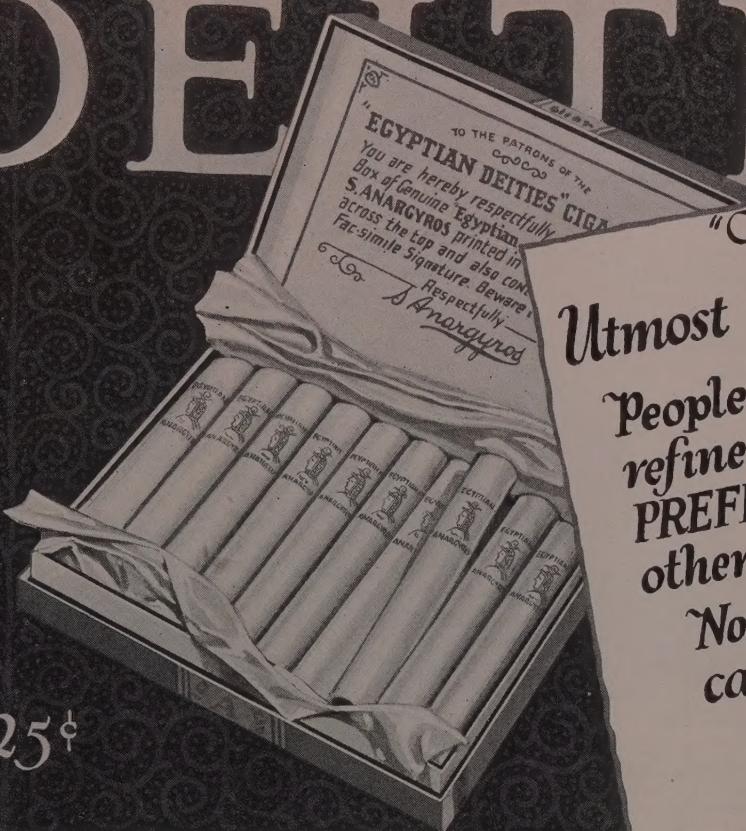
CREATIVE AMATEURS AND THEIR PLAYS, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

THE OUTDOOR THEATRE, by Sheldon Cheney.

THE COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE, by Gilmore Brown of Pasadena Community Theatre.

Further articles, and contributors to the series will be announced later.—The Editor.

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THE AMATEUR STAGE

The Pilgrim Pageant

(Continued from page 327)

pageant, beginning with the extraordinarily effective coming of the Norse Viking ship to the shores of America in 1000 A.D., and the successive landings of other adventurers in the early years of the seventeenth century, and going on through the history of the Pilgrims in England and in Holland to their final arrival at Plymouth on board the Mayflower. The resumé is given to emphasize the point of Professor Baker's achievement in preserving a definite unity and continuity of action throughout the pageant.

Another distinctive feature of the Plymouth pageant, hardly less important than the dramatic quality inherent in the work, is that its author has here applied to the field of pageantry all, or many of, the arts of the theatre. It is evident from what has been written that Professor Baker depends for his effects very largely upon lighting. It would be impossible to give the pageant with full effect in daylight—although a special daylight performance has been held in order to give opportunity for filming the production. Not only are the color schemes, in which the pageant master had the assistance of Rollo Peters, arranged for artificial light, but the lighting in this production literally serve the purpose of a curtain in a stage performance.

IT is not too much to say that the lighting arrangements, designed by Munroe R. Pevear, a young scientist of Boston and an enthusiastic fellow-worker of Professor Baker's, constitute a new departure in pageantry. Ninety powerful reflectors, containing 1000- and 1500-watt lights of special manufacture, were installed in two huge lighting towers set up behind the grandstands on historic Cole's Hill, the place where the Pilgrim fathers buried their dead during the first cruel winter of the settlement. Every section of the huge pageant field, 450 feet wide, by 400 feet deep, was charted, and the incidence of a given light or combination of lights on a given section was worked out on blue prints with mathematical certainty. The result was that Mr. Pevear could throw any light that he wanted, with absolute accuracy, calculated to within

a few inches, upon any portion of the field that he desired to cover. In this way the lighting was made to serve the purpose of a curtain, scenes being shifted, as it were, behind the cover of darkness. Or, to change the simile, it was as though the pageant field were a huge three-ring circus, with light thrown at will upon all or any of the rings.

Thus, the long waits between scenes, which one usually associates with pageants, were, at Plymouth, entirely eliminated. After a large "mob" scene, for example, during which all or most of the field was brilliantly illuminated, darkness would supervene for a moment; then a single light, or group of lights, went on; a small group of people was revealed, and while that scene was being played the rest of the large crowd, perhaps five hundred or a thousand people, moved silently off the field in darkness, or rearranged their groupings in readiness for the next scene. By this use of lights, Professor Baker was able to play twenty scenes, many of them calling for the appearance of hundreds of people on the field simultaneously, with numerous musical interludes, in less than two hours and one quarter—surely a feat unparalleled in the history of pageantry, at any rate in this country.

When all due credit is given to the skilled direction, a very large share must go to the cast, itself. The performance was the more remarkable in consideration of the fact that there was not a single professional or near professional in the cast of 1,300 persons. All of the players were residents of Plymouth and the immediate neighborhood; all were amateurs, busy people, who gave their spare time, and often time they could ill spare, freely and uncomplainingly for many weeks in order that Plymouth might have a centenary celebration worthy of the occasion.

Never was the community spirit better exemplified. The first families and the last joined together to contribute their share to the success of the pageant. Mayflower descendants—and there were many of them in the cast playing the roles of their ancestors—worked side by side with the latest arrival from Italy or Portugal or Czechoslovakia.

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